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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED

JOURNAL OF ART

LITERATURE AND

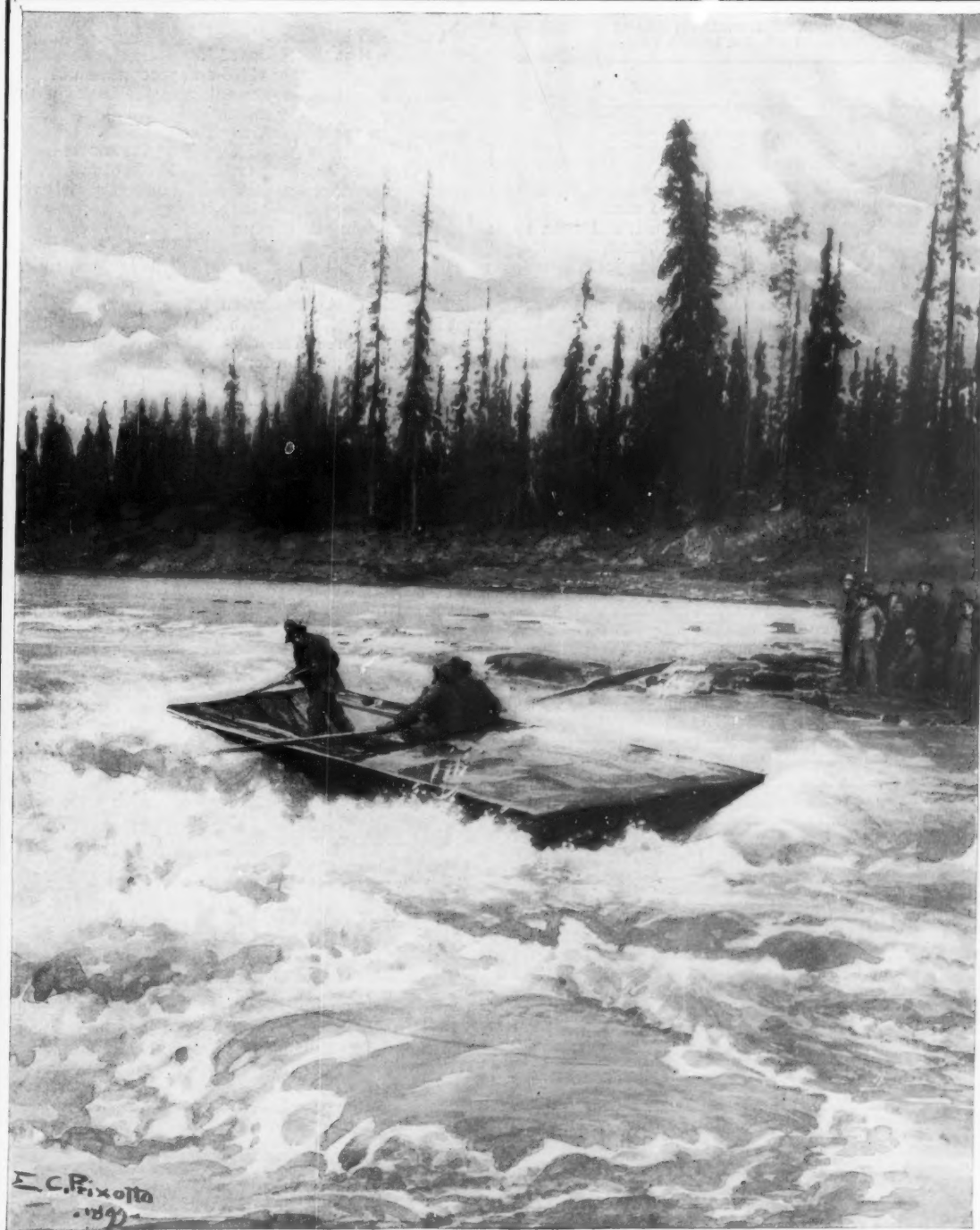
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NEW YORK MARCH 18 1899

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DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY E. C. PEIXOTTO

SHOOTING THE WHITE HORSE RAPIDS

MANY ADVENTURERS EN ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS HAVE ENDED THE JOURNEY OF LIFE IN THE WATERS OF WHITE HORSE RAPIDS. THERE IS NOW A CRUDE TRAMWAY BUILT AROUND MILES CAÑON AND THE RAPIDS. SOON GOLD SEEKERS MAY TRAVEL BY RAIL TO DAWSON CITY OVER THE ROAD WHICH IS BEING PUSHED TO COMPLETION

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AND CURRENT EVENTS

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NEW YORK MARCH EIGHTEENTH 1899

THE FIFTY-FIFTH CONGRESS

IN THE ANNALS of American legislation, the Fifty-fifth Congress is destined to be long remembered. As it has now passed into history, it may be well to recall some of the important things which it accomplished, and then to mark what it omitted to perform. We should, first, however, remind the reader that, in the Congress which has just expired, the House of Representatives had been elected at the same time when Mr. McKinley was chosen President, and contained a very large Republican majority, whereas, in the Senate, the Republicans were only slightly preponderant.

The Fifty-fifth Congress, which, normally, would have met in regular session in December, 1897, was convoked in extra session on March 15, 1897. The special message then addressed to it explained the necessity of framing promptly a tariff law that should provide a revenue adequate to the wants of the government. Three days later, Representative Dingley, the Chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, submitted a measure which passed the House within a fortnight, and became a law on July 24. Meanwhile, a good deal of time was devoted by the Senate in executive sessions to the arbitration treaty which had been negotiated by President Cleveland with Great Britain. It is well known that, after a prolonged discussion, the treaty was rejected. Four appropriation bills were passed during the same extra session, but these were measures which the Fifty-fourth Congress had failed to accept, and were not properly chargeable to its successor. We should note, also, that, during the extra session, President Cleveland's order, setting aside twenty-one million acres of forest reserves, was suspended, and that bills were carried extending relief to the sufferers by Mississippi floods and to the destitute in Cuba. The Republican National Convention, held nearly a year before, had pronounced in favor of recognizing the independence of Cuba, but there were now signs that the McKinley administration was disposed to move very slowly in that direction. It is true that, during the extra session, the Senate adopted a joint resolution, recognizing the Cubans as belligerents, but this failed to pass the House, where Speaker Reed seemed even less inclined to favor the insurgents than was the Administration.

Although the second session, or first regular session, of the Fifty-fifth Congress was to be remarkably eventful, there was no important legislation regarding Cuba until the long delayed report upon the cause of the destruction of the battleship Maine was submitted to the Federal Legislature. Thereafter, indications of war came thick and fast. First to be noted was the passage of a bill placing fifty million dollars at the unrestricted disposal of the President for the national defence. Then (April 11) the President, by a special message, committed the disposition of the Cuban question exclusively to Congress. A week later, a joint resolution was passed declaring Cuba free and independent, demanding that Spain withdraw its military and naval forces from that island, directing the use of our army and navy for the enforcement of the resolution and pledging us not to annex Cuba, but to give it absolute liberty. A formal declaration of war was not made by Congress and approved by the President until April 24, but, three days previously, Mr. McKinley had been authorized to increase the regular army to more than sixty thousand men, and to call under the colors upward of two hundred thousand volunteers. These war measures necessarily involved bills for the increase of the revenue, which, under the Dingley act, had, thus far, failed to provide for the needs of the government, even in time of peace. Con-

gress, accordingly, passed a so-called war-revenue act, intended to assure an additional income of at least one hundred and fifty million dollars, and, also, authorized a war-loan of two hundred million dollars. Among other achievements of the Fifty-fifth Congress in its second session should be mentioned the annexation of Hawaii by joint resolution, it having proved impossible to secure in the Senate the two-thirds vote needed for the ratification of the treaty. A law providing for both involuntary and voluntary bankruptcy was also enacted. Other measures of some consequence were those which appropriated the sum required to recompense Canadians under the Bering Sea Arbitration, and which prohibited the killing of seals in the North Pacific.

The third session, or second regular session, of the Fifty-fifth Congress was about a month old when, on January 4, 1899, the President transmitted to the Senate the treaty of peace which had been concluded at Paris by the commissioners representing the United States and Spain. After a long and heated debate, during which, more than once, the confirmation of the treaty seemed doubtful, a vote was taken on February 6, and the treaty was adopted by 57 ayes to 27 nays; that is to say, by just one vote more than was needed under the constitutional rule which prescribes a two-thirds majority. The treaty would, undoubtedly, have been rejected, but for the antecedent passage of a joint resolution introduced by Senator McEnery, and defining somewhat vaguely the intentions of the United States with regard to the Philippines. This resolution has no binding force, for the reason that the House of Representatives failed to accept it, and unconditionally provided an appropriation of twenty million dollars to pay Spain, according to the terms of the treaty.

The other noteworthy measures carried during the last week of the session were the Army Reorganization bill, the Navy Personnel bill, the so-called Omnibus Claims bill, the Public Building bills and the bill providing a code of laws for the Territory of Alaska. The Navy Personnel bill completely reorganizes the naval service, making both Schley and Sampson Rear-Admirals, but placing the former two numbers ahead of the latter. The bill specifically providing for promotions of naval officers who distinguished themselves during the late war failed to pass, but the office of Admiral was revived for Dewey by a separate bill. The Navy Appropriation bill, as settled at the last moment in conference, authorizes the construction of three battleships, three armored cruisers and six protected cruisers, and the payment of \$400 per ton for armor-plate on all vessels not yet completed. Only \$300 per ton is to be paid for armor-plate on the new vessels now authorized, but this provision is likely to be repealed by the next Congress. The Army Reorganization bill, which was framed in the House of Representatives by Mr. Hull, was opposed by Mr. Gorman in the Senate, and had to be materially changed. In its final form, it permits the increase of the army to 100,000 men, but provides that this number can be retained only until July, 1899, after which, it must be reduced to 27,500. This last-named stipulation will, probably, be repealed at the first session of the Fifty-sixth Congress, both branches of which will be controlled by the Republicans. A timely and useful amendment of the Army Appropriation bill was that introduced by Senator Foraker, which forbids the granting of any property franchises by American authorities in Cuba. The so-called Omnibus Claims bill is interesting because it provides for the payment of certain claims against the French Government which our Government assumed almost a century ago, and which, even when endorsed by Federal Legislatures, several Presidents have refused to sanction. The passage of an Alaskan Code will be appreciated by those who know how urgent has been the want of some definite system of laws in our remote northwestern territory.

Three or four measures, two of which were of very great importance, failed to be enacted by the Fifty-fifth Congress. We refer to the bills providing for a canal across the Nicaragua isthmus and for a submarine cable between San Francisco and Honolulu. It is scarcely needful to point out the imperative necessity of these measures. Nevertheless, the Nicaragua bill, which, in the Senate, had been appended to the River and Harbor bill, was thrown out in conference, the House insisting upon substituting an appropriation of \$1,000,000, to be used by the President in instituting a careful investigation of the several routes across the American isthmus. Much to be regretted, also, is the failure to pass the bill providing for Hawaii a regular territorial government in pursuance of the suggestions made by the commission which lately visited Honolulu. We should note, further, that the Senate failed to ratify the treaty concluded between the United States and Great Britain concerning the laws of descent which are to affect the estates of citizens of one country dying in the other. There is, apparently, no doubt that this treaty will be sanctioned at the next session of Congress.

We observe, finally, that the total appropriations made by the Fifty-fifth Congress during its three sessions (not including the four appropriation bills left over by the Fifty-fourth Congress, and, properly, credited to that) exceed \$1,600,000,000, of which some \$600,000,000 must be charged to war expenses, or for disbursements incident to the army and navy. Its financial record would alone suffice to make the Fifty-fifth Congress memorable.



EAGLE NEST ROCK ON THE YUKON

THE KLONDIKE

*GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold;
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurred by the young, but haggled by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!*

—THOMAS HOOD

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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BOATS COMING DOWN LAKE TAGISH

THE FIRST SIGHT of Dawson, which one gets after being several weeks on the trail, travelling through wild, rough, and constantly changing scenery, is a surprise to the most immovable of men. Situated as it is on the river bank, and stretching back and up on the shelves of the hillside, its tiers of tents and cabins give it a surrounding which seems theatrical and unreal.

Before arriving at the big bend in the Yukon, just above Dawson, one catches a glimpse, over the islands in the river, of a few tents, high up on the hillside, and back of them still the huge gray slide of rock and gravel called the "Moosehide."

On rounding the bend we come directly on the town itself, and from this minute until one steps on the main street one is going through a continual succession of vague remembrances of something seen before and something dreamed of in the past.

The waters of the Klondike come in at the south end of the town and are a sharp contrast to the yellowish gray waters of the Yukon, by their black transparency. Until safely within this discoloration mark, provided one is in a rowing boat, one has not arrived at Dawson, because the Yukon here is swift and the black waters are sluggish, and it needs quite a struggle to get out of one into the other. In fact, it is a common sight to see large rafts of timber, representing in their size the summer's work of perhaps many men and valued at hundreds of dollars, go by Dawson from up the river, notwithstanding the efforts of their crew



ON THE SUMMIT OF CHILKOOT PASS

late-comer, at such a time, who could find place for his boat.

Dawson itself runs from the Klondike River for about one and a half miles down the east bank of the Yukon, until it is abruptly stopped by a precipitous hill. Above Dawson and connected to it by a suspension bridge across the Klondike is a suburban town called Klondike City. Opposite Dawson there is also a settlement which bids fair to rival Dawson in point of health if not in enterprise, but which has the disadvantage of being cut off from Dawson for two or three weeks while the ice is running in the river.

To come suddenly from the stillness of the river and the quietness of the weeks of work on the trail into the main street of a town of some twenty thousand to thirty thousand people, and with most of them on the same street, is bewildering in the extreme. To us, perhaps, it was less so than to a vast majority, because we had been prepared in a great measure by friends who had come from Dawson to the Stewart River and described its wonders to us. However, we sat on the board walks, quite the most comfortable seats we had had in weeks, thoroughly filled with amazement, and watched the crowd talking, discussing, and spitting.

The town is most orderly and rows are exceedingly rare. Drunkenness is an exception, perhaps attributable to the high price and quality of the liquor and to the efficiency of the Northwest Mounted Police, who are a fine body of strapping young men, well officered, and deservedly popular among all classes for their justice and zeal.

The main street of the town is lined, in the business portion, by the big trading stores, the saw-mills, small stores of all kinds, and saloons alternating every two to three stores. In nearly every saloon is either a dance-hall or a gambling-room, generally both.

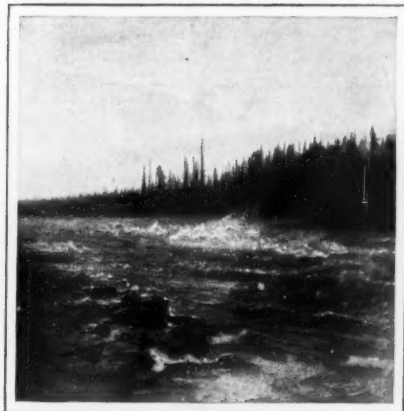
The saloon takes the place of a club, and becomes the common meeting-ground of all classes. As it becomes necessary to meet all classes of men in this country, the most fastidious of men finds himself

obliged to become a regular visitor of one or two saloons in the course of his mining experience.

The gambling-rooms are generally in the rear of the saloon, and run "wide open." They are usually thronged during the summer all night long, and the best of good nature and order prevail. At the dance-halls an evening vaudeville performance (so called) usually precedes the dancing, and in one there is generally a play of some sort, with an extremely good orchestra for such a place. In fact there are two or three small orchestras in the town. One saloon has a café in its rear, which is excellent in point of service and cooking, while during the dinner one listens to playing by one of the violins of a well-known San Francisco orchestra, and, at times, a very good baritone song by an ex-member of one of our eastern opera companies.

During the summer there is but little work going on on the creeks; the town therefore is filled with men. This summer this crowd was augmented by an enormous number of people who came in over the trail or up the river and hung around the town, either trying to get work or on their way prospecting up the creeks and rivers.

If any one were to ask what the general topic of conversation was, I should say food in all its forms. Instead of asking a man whether he was well or what news he had, the most natural question would be to ask him if he had any evaporated cream in his cache, or if he knew what the price of butter was that day.



WHITE HORSE RAPIDS

to bring them into the slack water. Boats have gone past, too, with the owners gazing open-mouthed at the town, too overcome apparently by the sights to use energy enough to bring them into the banks.

During the summer of '98 the whole water-front was lined with thousands of boats of all sizes and descriptions, from small canoes to large scows containing cattle or merchandise. Fortunate was the



A NIGHT'S CAMP ON THE KLONDIKE

This becomes so much the case that you will notice in the newspaper reports of returning Klondikers that they will enumerate long lists of the prices of food instead of giving mining news of any importance. This does not imply that food is scarce, because food is very plentiful, and there is not an article of daily use or form of necessary food that may not be obtained in Dawson at the present writing.



UP THE KLONDIKE—THROUGH ROUGH WATER



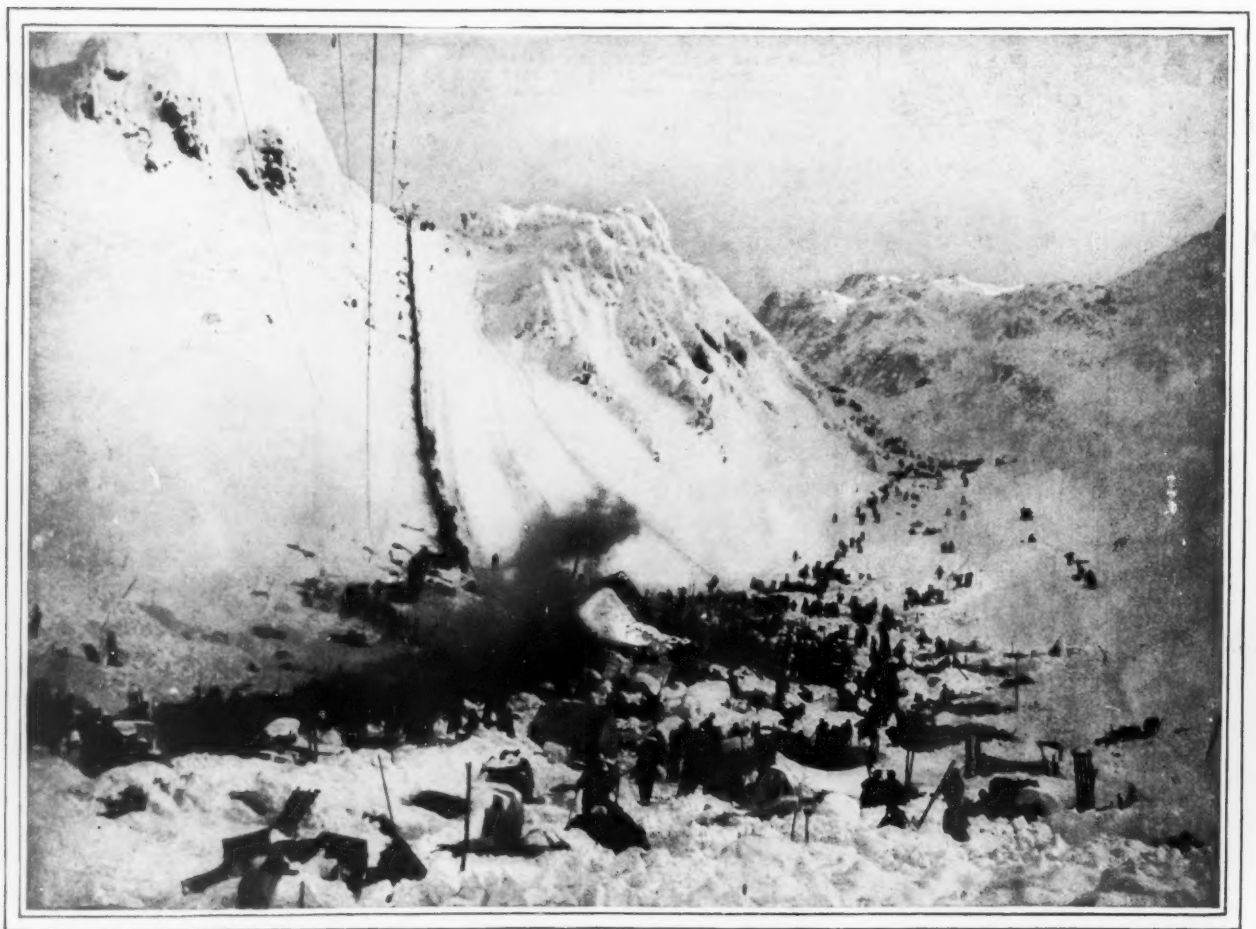
A RESCUE AT THE MOUTH OF HERMIT RIVER



PROSPECTORS LEAVING DAWSON



THE SUMMIT OF CHILKOOT PASS



SCALING CHILKOOT PASS

KLONDIKE—THE LAND OF GOLD



WHITE HORSE RAPIDS



THROUGH MARSH LAKE UNDER SAIL

During the summer fresh vegetables and fresh fruit came in on the boats in abundance—at high prices, to be sure—but still they were in Dawson. Fresh meat was plentiful and supplied to the sick in the hospitals at times when it was a great luxury.

There are two or three hospitals in Dawson, the largest the Catholic Hospital, conducted by the Jesuits, the nurses being Sisters of Charity. Father Judge of the Jesuits, who is looked up to by every resident of Dawson, has had charge of this hospital and has successfully managed it in the face of extreme difficulties.

The smaller hospitals, of which I believe one is private, were opened this summer. All were filled to overflowing, owing to the great number of fever cases prevalent. It is perhaps right to say that this large number of fever cases in Dawson is due more to exposure on the trail and poorly prepared and scant food than to the unsanitary condition of the town itself, although there has been little attempt by the government to improve this condition. Only the fact that the stagnant water in what ditches there are is water thawing from the frozen muck under the moss, and therefore at a low temperature, prevents a really enormous amount of ill health. Most of the water used for drinking comes from springs of glacial character in the hillsides and is very good.

For the moral support of the inhabitants there are three churches—an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, and a Catholic—the largest being the latter, the building a gift of one of the most prominent of the miners. It is a fair-sized building built of logs, and indeed an example of proportion and good taste in design to many an architect of more accessible regions.

Most of the inhabitants are Americans, a great number Swedes, Canadians, Australians, South Africans, and Englishmen, while there is a fair representation of every nationality.

The men who have been most successful in the country, and who are the pioneers, are for the most part surprisingly young men, men of intelligence and bearing. The old miner of fame and story-book is conspicuous by his absence, as is also the "bad man." The prevailing characteristics of these men engaged in mining is their readiness to adapt themselves to the new conditions of this country, and also their honesty and justice in dealing one with another. To many of them, being of Scandinavian descent, the climate is no particular trial. There are a great many young men here who are men of the world, and one is quite likely to run against a club acquaintance of former days. Most of these are men

from the Pacific Coast, or from London, engaged in business or representing London capital in some form. A stranger must be struck with the fact, however, that young men are in the majority.

Notwithstanding the apparent listlessness and apathy of the crowd in the streets, a good deal of business goes on in the town. Buildings going up on every side make a continual clatter, while the sound of the hammers re-echoing or chinking the big stores with moss for the winter months brings one back, as it were, to the busy shipyard scenes in the East. Above all sounds is the continual buzzing of the saw mills running night and day.

Now and again a pack-train comes into town from the creeks laden with canvas sacks of gold to be deposited either at the big stores, at the bank, or at the police barracks. Auction sales of food, merchandise and clothing go on during day and evening, while from a saloon or a store comes the sound of a phonograph rasping out the last Sousa march.

Dogs of all descriptions lie in the road everywhere, and when they are not being stepped on are busy fighting over an old moose hoof or a bit of caribou hide. In fact, the dogs make Dawson the rival of Constantinople, for in summer they are allowed to roam at large and make the street their home. As soon, however, as the first snow comes the dogs disappear from the streets, as they become in demand at home.

At the hour of midnight on the 3d of July every patriotic American in the town proceeded to fire a gun or a revolver, as long as he could spare his ammunition. As there were many thousands of Americans, the popping lasted for nearly an hour, and the noise was deafening. The dogs became very much frightened, tore up and down the streets, over the hills and into the river, barking, yelping, and colliding. Above the sound of firing came continuous peals of laughter at their flight. It was a curious sight, and an incident that cost many a man the loss of his dog for several days; indeed, some never came back.

There are now several of the big stores in Dawson, the oldest being the North American Transportation Co. and the Alaska Commercial Co., these stores providing the miners and inhabitants with everything from a side of bacon to a pair of white kid dancing gloves. Until the present season these two stores have been alone, but now there are several new competitors in the field, with their own corresponding line of steamers, in consequence of which there is a much further reduction in prices.

From the main street by the Alaska Commercial Co.'s store runs the main trail to the mines and creeks. This trail takes the form of a wagon road, and is very fair for three or four miles; after that it is a disgrace to the government, when one considers the readiness with which it could be improved.

There is another trail which starts from Klondike City and runs up along the Klondike and meets the first one about two miles from Dawson. Every day may be seen men with packs on their backs, dogs with packs, pack-trains of horses and mules going up or coming down from the creeks. Occasionally information will be brought to town of a new strike on some creek; then the trail will be crowded with stampedeers anxious to be the first in the field to stake.

A man has been known to stampede a great part of the town by simply walking into the various saloons and whispering to a few friends in each, with a pack on his back and a general air of satisfaction on his face.

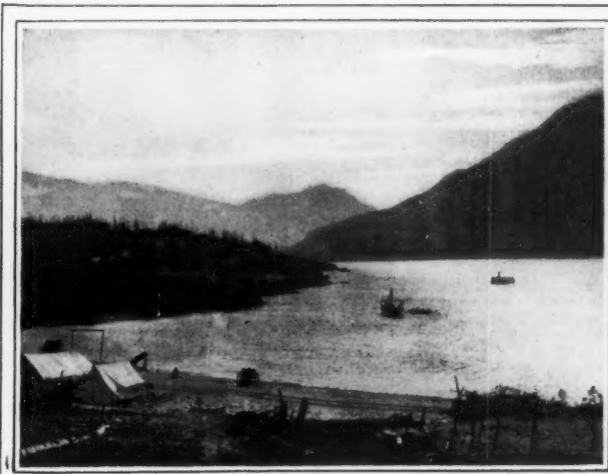
In summer, however, little work is done besides cutting wood, after the general wash up, and men take a well-earned rest, not a few spending more than they make in the winter.

Contrary to one's expectations, there are no mosquitoes in Dawson to amount to anything. Outside, on some of the creeks most worked, there are a few; but away from these places, they are something to wonder at—it is useless to say more. One is obliged to live in the smoke of a "smudge" fire, made of "punk" or moss and green leaves, most frequently made in a perforated pail, unless one is especially adapted to stand the incessant buzzing, even if provided with mosquito netting.

Occasionally one hears, from away up on the top of the hill back of the town, a faint cry of "Steamer!" which is taken up and repeated again and again from the hill down to the street, as one of the boats from St. Michaels appears in sight far down the river. Everybody in town at leisure then wends his way to the river-front, and waits for the steamer to struggle up to the wharf, panting hoarsely, against the strong current. Over eighty steamers have successfully made their way up to Dawson this summer, and hence there is no shortage of everything desired.

Dawson's first boom is over, but it will now settle down to be the serious mining camp it should be. Its position and the exceeding richness of the diggings in the vicinity demonstrate that it will continue to be the centre of transportation, trade and mining in that far-away part of our continent for years to come.

O. H. P. LA FARGE.



LAKE LINDEMAN



HEAD OF LAKE BENNETT—DEPARTING MINERS' BOATS IN DISTANCE

KLONDIKE—THE LAND OF GOLD



COLONEL W. C. JOHNSON,
New head of G. A. R., succeeding Commander Sexton.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL M. P. MILLER,
Recently promoted for gallantry at Iloilo, P. I.



SEÑOR DON MANUEL AZPIROZ,
The new Mexican Ambassador to the United States.



RUDYARD KIPLING,
The novelist whose serious illness in New York has aroused the sympathy of four continents.



HON. ADDISON G. FOSTER,
Senator-elect from Washington and a prominent figure in politics of the Northwest.



HON. ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK,
New Secretary of the Interior, late Minister to Russia.

MEN OF THE WEEK



OUR NOTE-BOOK

THE OCEAN LINERS are cutting their rates. The travelling season is about to begin. People are packing up for the holidays of London, the perniciousness of Paris, the ghosts and treasures of Rome. We do not envy them. Of all forms of debauchery travelling is the worst. The last to be discovered, it was, we assume, invented by some satrap who had exhausted everything else. It disturbs the mind and empties the purse. There is nothing so conducive to the development of egotism. The tourist meets an inordinate number of people whom he never wants to meet again. Unable to get away from them, he is unable even to get away from himself. To travel, to really travel, to travel as the cultured should, there is no better mode of locomotion than an armchair and a book. In default of the latter an idea is just as good. The Enchanted Carpet—on which Aladdin or Sindbad or whoever the chap may have been that travelled through the Arabian Nights—appears, in the light of modern research, to have been merely an idea, and yet what a charming one it was. From Cape-to-Cairo is another idea which, however, promises presently to be a fact. There will be a trip worth taking. The tourist over that route will see not what has been but what shall be. And there is still another. From Cape-to-Cairo is all very well, but is not from Albany to Asuncion better? When the Intercontinental Railway which the papers are beginning to map is ultimately organized, built, equipped, and completed, what will be a passage to the phantoms of the past in comparison to a ticket from Montreal to Montevideo, from Canada to Chili, perhaps from Pole to Pole?

Lombroso provided recently in the "Forum" a paper on Venice. Its greatness was not immediately obvious. Facing it, however, we began to smell a rat, and finally there it was. After tracing the rise of the Venetian empire he followed their decline. The latter he attributed to the

poisonous cup of conquest. There was the rat. Turning then to this country, he—not the rat but Lombroso—admonished the citizens of the United States to beware of too much imperialism. It may be that being an Italian he had his own country's Abyssinian enterprise in mind. In any event the admonition might just as well have been addressed to England, and with equal pertinence and impertinence to Russia. But that is beside the issue. The point is that not long ago Mr. Bourke Cockran advanced analogous views. Mr. Cockran thinks that we don't want Indies Oriental and Occidental, that what we do want is Canada and Mexico. Mr. Cockran is quite right. We do want these things. But we want the others also. What is more, we want the rest of this hemisphere. That ultimately we shall get it is obvious. That ultimately the flag will float from Pole to Pole is obvious as well. Then, indeed, Europe will begin to understand what imperialism is. Beside the United States of the Three Americas that empire on which the sun never set—because, as some one sprightly suggested, it was afraid to trust it in the dark—will look like a dwarf republic. The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome won't be in it. No, nor Cape-to-Cairo either.



TIGHT LACING is the subject of a measure that has been submitted to the Wisconsin Legislature. At Madison recently Mr. Abe Dagget of Bear Creek introduced in the Assembly a resolution for the appointment of a committee to draw a bill in prohibition. Mr. Dagget has, we assume, been moved by sights which he has seen at home. The ladies of Bear Creek have been immemorially famous for the exiguity of their waists. Even so, it seems to us highly audacious that this gentleman should attempt to tamper with them. The majority of the other ladies of Wisconsin are known to be very trim also. It is rather sultanese that he should attempt to tamper with them too. There can be no good reason for it either. What lady is there, not in Wisconsin merely but anywhere else, who, however evanescent she may appear, is, if properly approached, unwilling to state very candidly that she has quantities of spare room? And what lady is there who would not rather be dead than out of the fashion? A well-dressed woman, as somebody said

somewhere, possesses a serenity of spirit which religion is not always competent to provide. Divest her of her stays and you take that serenity with them. Mr. Abe Dagget had better look out. While he is at it, it would be instructive to learn how the measure is to be enforced and in what manner a judge shall decide where tightness ceases and looseness begins. That which no husband, however devoted, and no lover, however solicitous, has ever been able to get so much as an inkling of yet, that which the masculine eye may indeed have reason to occasionally suspect but which the female tongue invariably denies, how is Mr. Dagget going to prove? How, indeed! The more the subject is examined the more do the perplexities of it increase. We should love to treat it at length, but frankly we lack the art. In and out of the Mysteries of Eleusis our pen has roamed, but here it pauses, and well it may.

MICHIGAN, meanwhile, has become the theatre of events quite as important as those occurring and about to occur in Wisconsin. A Bachelor Girls' Association has been formed there with the object of organizing societies in every township and city, the members of which shall pledge themselves not to entertain proposals of marriage until they are thirty. It is never too late to bend, of course, but we can't help thinking that should the association thrive and prosper there will be many a good time lost. "Comme je regrette mon temps perdu" is a song with which Beranger acquainted ladies of a certain age. The air is plaintive, and so is the sentiment. A woman who holds off until she is thirty misses her vocation, misses, too, the charm of youth and of life. The poets are right. Nothing resembles happiness so well as love. To entertain proposals of marriage is only less agreeable than making them. It is the most fascinating of nature's inventions. There is an art in it, also, which comes but through practice and experience, and of which real mastery requires an early start. It is never too late to begin, but it is never too soon either. For that matter, the sooner the better. We have known ladies to take up the study of French at the age of thirty but we have never known them to acquire the accent. They got to understand others, but they never got others to understand them. At thirty a woman



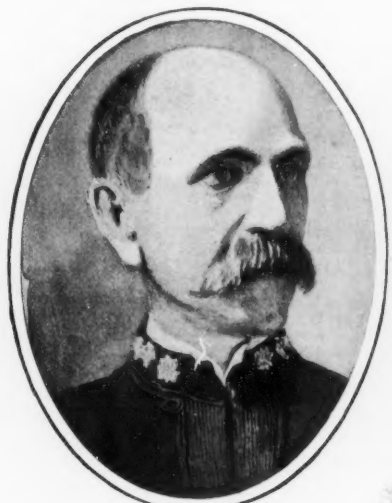
MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW,
Military Governor of Havana. Photographed at his
desk, January 25.



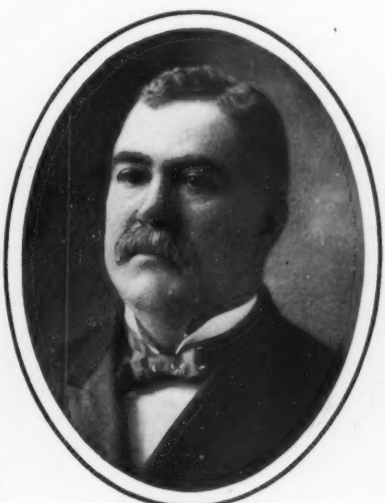
REAR-ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, C.B., M.P.,
The English sailor-statesman now exploiting the
"Open Door" policy in America.



COMMANDER E. P. WOOD,
Of the Gunboat Petrel, Manila.



COMMANDER ASA WALKER,
Of the Gunboat Concord, Manila.



HON. C. W. WATKINS,
Member of the Colonial Board, War Department.



CAPTAIN ALBERT S. BARKER,
Of the battleship Oregon, now en route to Manila.

MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE

vocabulary may be choked with the syllables of affection, but if she has not learned to aromatize them with the proper accent they are beggars at the door of speech. It is the mission of woman to love and to be loved. It is what she is here for. She may fancy that there are other things to do and to be done, and so there are, but by comparison they are nothing at all. "If," said a thoroughly competent authority, "living be not loving then is living all in vain." To which we may add that hoarded kisses do not improve with age. But is it not odd to find the Legislature of Wisconsin enlarging the waists of women while the ladies of Michigan are extending the wastes of time?

MR. CROKER'S forthcoming dinner party at which there are to be fifteen hundred guests whom, we learn, will have been anteriorly, individually, and very properly assessed at ten dollars apiece, may, perhaps, be Sardanapalian, but in that case our conception of Sardanapalus will need revision and there will be another illusion gone. That which might be somewhat after the manner of the last and most luxurious of the wicked old Assyrian kings would be for Mr. Croker to remit the assessment and bid the guests come and be merry with their ten-dollar bills safe in their evening clothes, or, safer still, at home. Theodore Hook once answered a host who was entertaining him and others, and who had remarked to him that his handkerchief was hanging from his pocket, "Thank you very much; you know the company better than I do." But that, of course, relates in no way to this banquet, and for the life of us we can't think why it ran off the end of our pen. The point is elsewhere; or, rather, it is here. Were Mr. Croker moved to follow our suggestion and pay the expenses out of his own cheque-book, he would thereafter possess the distinction of having given a dinner larger than was ever given even by Sardanapalus himself. The reason is clear. People who give dinners—and it is a beastly shame there are so few who know how—usually like to give enjoyment also. Even the Borgias attended to that. They poisoned their guests, indeed; but how beautifully they did it. There was something royal and more than royal, there was something æsthetic, in the way the caracalla was served. But it was served only to a few at a time. There can be nothing æsthetic, there can

be nothing even royal, in the way Mr. Croker's friends will get their *agneau de printemps* and their *asperges en branches*. Yet the poison will be there nonetheless. A big dinner is a bad dinner, and the bigger the dinner the worse it is bound to be.

THE MILLION MARKS rumored to have been paid for Bismarck's Memoirs dwindle authentically into zero. The Cotta publishing firm that handle the work offered, it appears, that amount, but Bismarck's family, it also appears, refused to receive a penning of it. Matters that don't concern us we are unable to take very seriously, yet from an age which, however regarded, is admittedly sordid, we can't help extracting this incident and declaring it to be splendid. Money, said Vespasian, has no smell. He was right, but he was unable to add that it has no stain. Not the trace of a suspicion of a blur could have been detected in these people had they pocketed the money and bargained for more. That would have been the usual thing. It is the fact that they refused to touch any of it that lifts the incident out of the ordinary and puts it into splendor. There is the real pride of the real aristocrat, or, more precisely perhaps, of the Prussian Junker, domineering, narrow-minded, illiberal, and cheese-paring it may be, yet where position is concerned as incapable of derogating from the tradition of it as is a prelate of trampling on a crucifix. The incident is really very fine. Yet if it commends itself to us who write from hand to mouth, how much more praiseworthy must it seem to the Cotta firm and to the publishing guild in general. Should the incident become a precedent and followed as such, there would be the lying down of the literary lion with the commercial lamb and the millennium within beck and call.

MR. DEPEW, MR. MILLS, MR. CLEWS, MR. CARNEGIE, and several other gentlemen of means, tell in the current issue of "Pearson's" how to get rich. The process is more complex than our labors had led us to suppose. According to Mr. Huntington you must not talk too much. *Tace et Memento*. Mr. Mills' idea is to sleep eight hours out of the twenty-four. *Requiescat in pace*. Mr. Carnegie believes in Push. *Surviver in modo fortiter in re*. Mr. Depew says Health. *In soda sanitas*. Mr. Depew also recommends a lot of general information. *Fix et preterita nihil*. But not to be at it more than ten

hours a day. *Gaudeamus igitur*. The late Mr. Brice suggests investments. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. And Mr. Clews holds to investments, too. Q.E.D. There is what our friend and brother-in-letters, Mr. Labouchere, would call a fine farrago of fiction. Add it all up and see what it amounts to. Besides, none of these schollasts tells us what riches are. That, however, is a side issue. The easiest way to be rich is to inherit wealth. The next is to marry it. As for getting it out of others, that requires a conjunction of fibres which the few possess and the many do not. Then, too, wealth never has and never will consist in the multiplication of millions. The poverty of plutocrats is pitiable. Wealth, like contentment, consists in the limitation of desires. The richest people in the world are those who are masters of their hours and able, each morning, to say, "The day is mine."

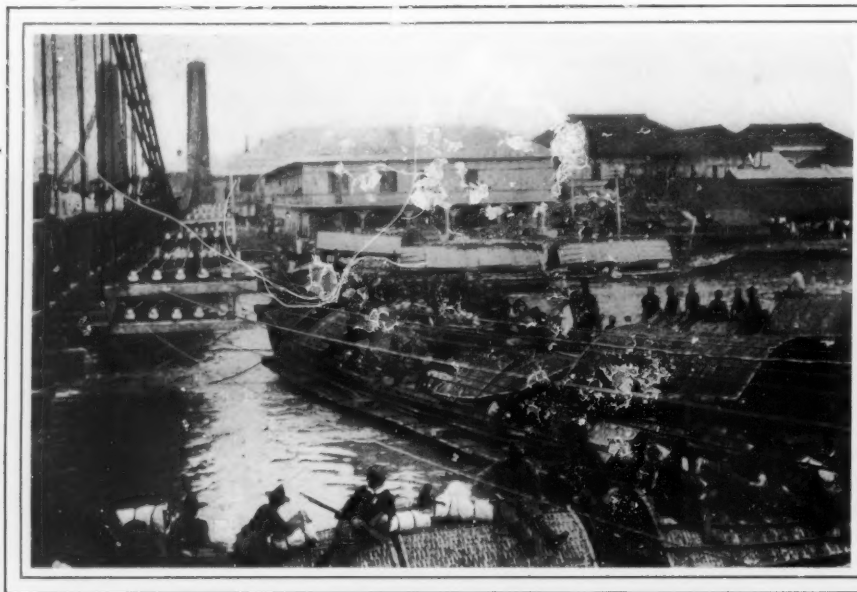
THE SATANIC POMPS OF ETIQUETTE require that when ordinary folk are dignified by meeting an Author all signs of awe shall be suppressed and he be randomly asked, "What are you writing now?" To which it is customary, proper, and sometimes, though not always, exact for him to answer, "Cheques." This reply, in addition to the merit of brevity, has the further advantage of preserving his importance and of putting you at your ease. You feel that, like the majority of great men, this particular great man is as unaffected and plain-spoken as yourself. These considerations are suggested by a recent disturbance in Hungary. In Illye, a month ago, the following poster appeared:

"THEATRE ROYAL.

"On Monday of next week for the first time will be presented a sensational tragedy by William Shakespeare entitled 'Romeo and Juliet.' The author will assist at the performance."

We are not in Illye, worse luck. Otherwise, as etiquette requires, we should put temerity aside and ask that question also. It would do us good to hear Shakespeare say cheques. But, our prophetic soul, our Manxman! It is rumored that two peas are not more alike than are the author of "The Christian" and this author of "Romeo." Can it be that Mr. Hall Caine is junketing through Hungary? In that case, etiquette be hanged. We should not need to ask. We should know.

EDGAR SALTUS.



COMPANY H, FIRST CALIFORNIA, EMBARKING FOR TRANSPORTS, JANUARY 2. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS ALSO A PORTION OF THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE PASIG RIVER



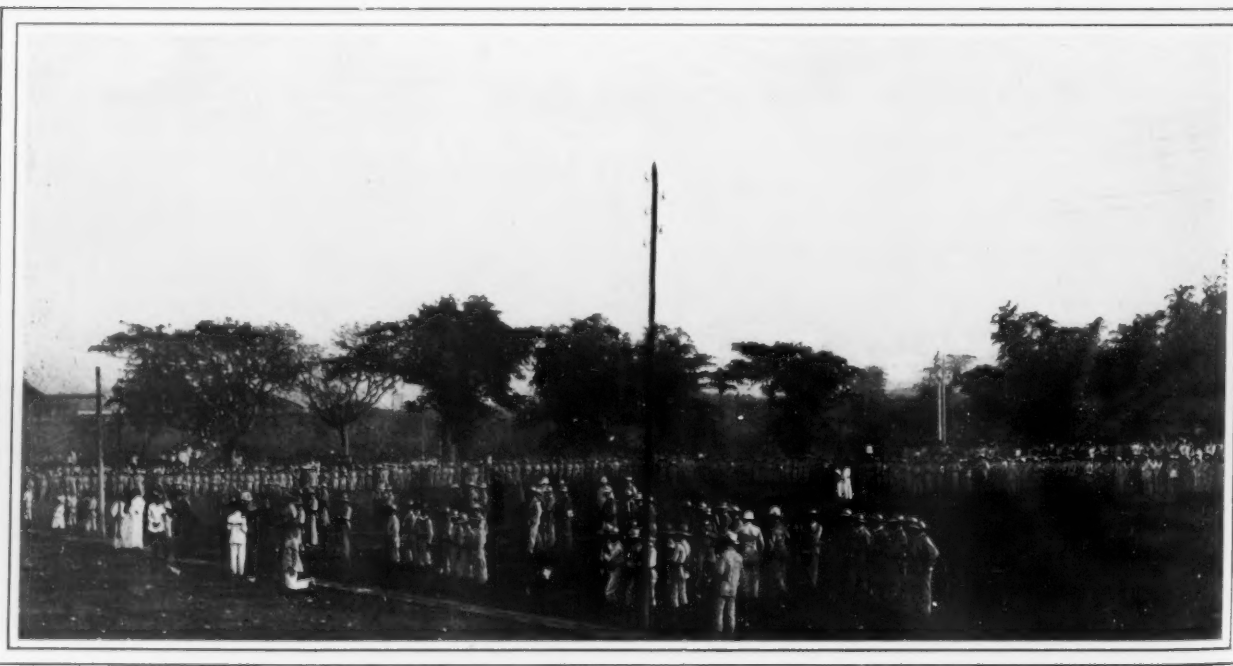
SPANISH CLERGY AND OFFICERS OF THE LATE SPANISH ARMY OF OCCUPATION



CHINESE COOLIES—THE LABORING CLASS OF MANILA

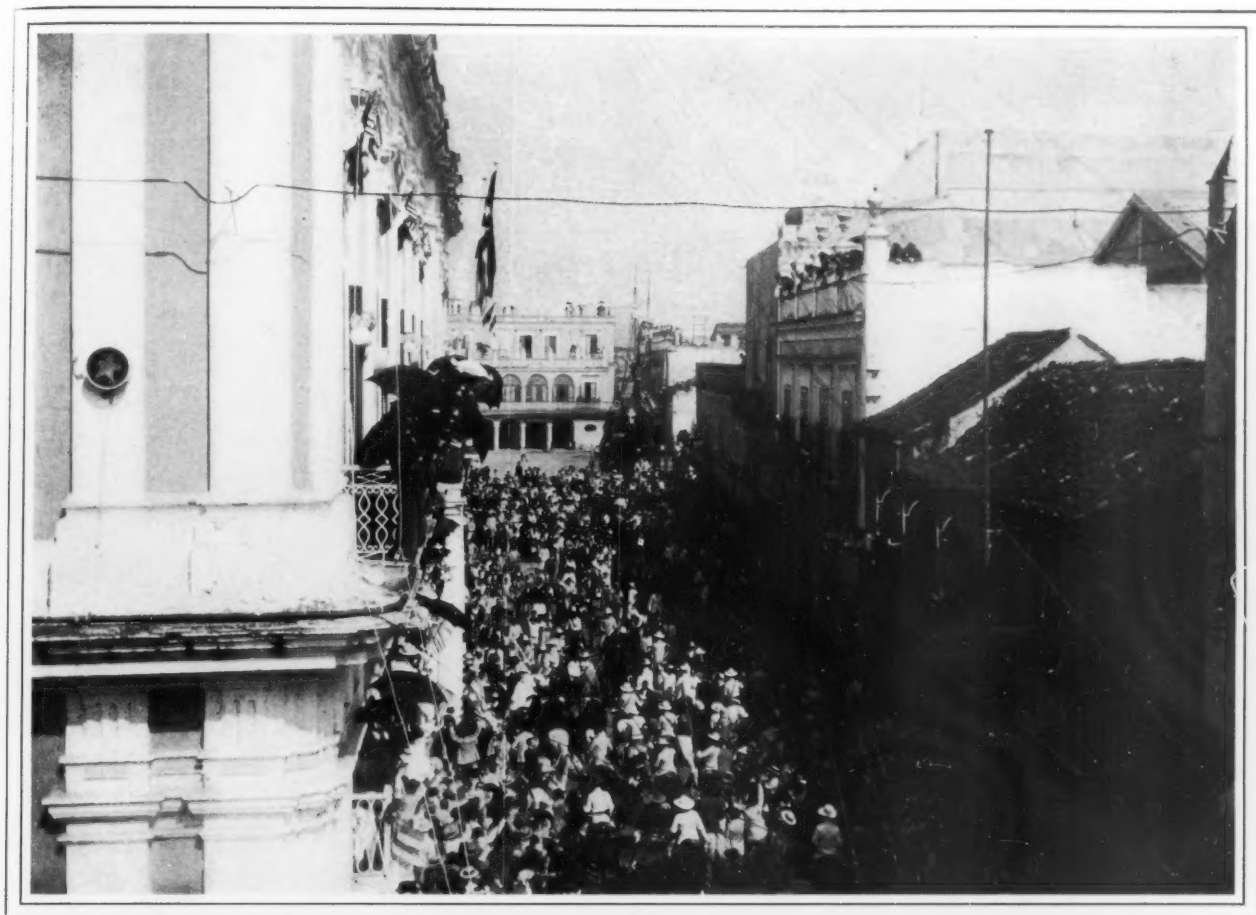


"DEAD HEADS" WATCHING THE NEW YEAR'S DAY BALL GAME ON THE LUNETTA BETWEEN DEWEY'S SAILORS AND SOLDIERS OF THE EIGHTH ARMY CORPS



HOW SPAIN TREATED FILIPINO REBELS. PLATOONS OF SPANISH SOLDIERS SHOOTING INSURGENTS ON THE LUNETTA
PICTURES FROM THE PHILIPPINES

(See page 22)

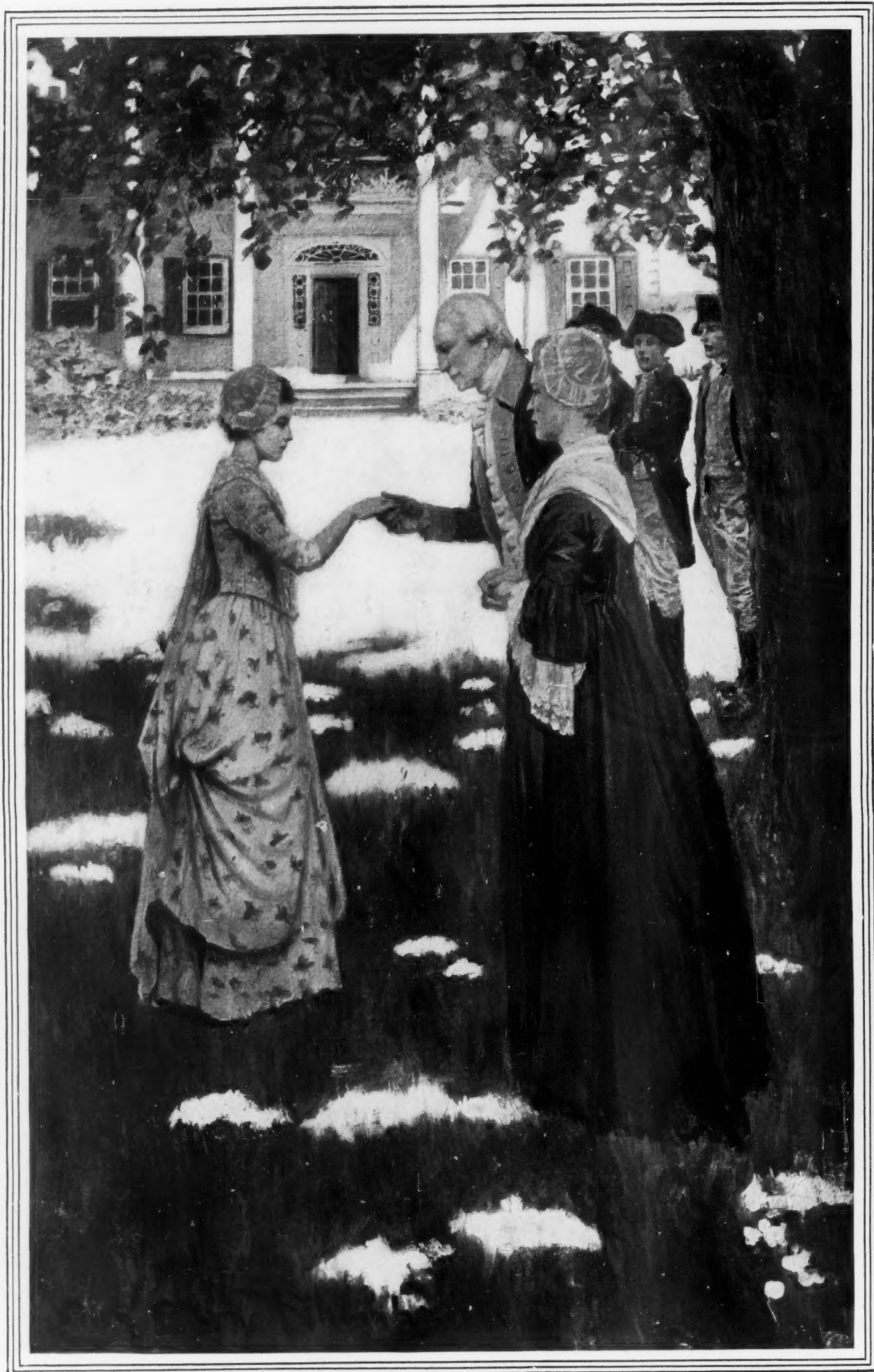


THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION IN FRONT OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE



A PART OF THE PROCESSION COMPOSED OF PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES
THE COMING OF GOMEZ TO HAVANA

(See Frederic Remington's article on page 22)



DRAWN BY ELLEN BERNARD THOMPSON

WASHINGTON BOWED LOW OVER THE GIRL'S HAND AND THEN LOOKED IN HER
FACE WITH PLEASURE



DRAWN BY ANNA WHELAN EVERTS

FROM POST TO POST THE HORSEMEN PASSED, THE STERNLY SILENT COMMANDER SPEAKING ONLY WHEN GIVING THE NECESSARY ORDERS TO REMEDY THE DISASTERS OF THE AFTERNOON

JANICE MEREDITH

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD, Author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling"

[Began in COLLIER'S WEEKLY January 28]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The story of "Janice Meredith" opens at Greenwood, the New Jersey home of Lambert Meredith, father of the heroine. The time is the year of grace 1774. Light is thrown on the mysteries of the toilette of a Colonial beauty and the conduct of an American household 125 years ago. Presently is introduced the "Prince from over the Seas," a young Englishman named Charles Fowles, indentured for a term of years to Squire Meredith, a declared royalist.

In the village tap-room a traveller, one Ewatt, charges Fowles with desertion from the service of King George. Ewatt meets Janice and confides to her that he is an agent of the King.

Fowles, who secretly loves Janice, becomes drill-master to the Brunswick Invincibles. Squire Meredith enters into an alliance with Philemon Hennon, son of his political rival, and encourages his suit with Janice. Fowles becomes aide-de-camp to Washington. Ewatt again appears, and Philemon Hennon goes on a mission to Lord Howe. Janice elopes with Ewatt, but the two are intercepted by Fowles, who is conveying powder to General Washington. War with England breaks out.

XV

HEADQUARTERS IN 1776



line and spread over the water a pall of smoke which, as it drifted to leeward, obscured the Long Island shore from view.

"'Tis evidently a feint, your Excellency," presently asserted one of the observers, "to cover a genuine attack elsewhere—most likely above the Harlem."

The person addressed—a man with an anxious, careworn face that made him look fifty at least—lowered his glass, but made no reply for some moments. "You may be right, sir," he remarked, "though to me it has the air of an intended attack. What think you, Reed?"

"I agree with Mifflin. The attack will be higher up. Hah! Look there!"

A rift had come in the smoke, and a column of boats, moving with well-timed oars, could for a moment be seen as it came forward.

"They intended a landing at Kip's Bay, as I surmised," exclaimed the general. "Gentlemen, we shall be needed below." He turned to Reed and gave him an order concerning reinforcements, then wheeled and, followed by the rest, trotted over the ploughed field. Once on the highway he spurred his horse, putting him to a sharp canter.

"What troops hold the works on the bay, Mifflin?" asked one of the riders.

"Fellows' and Parsons' brigades, Brereton."

"If they are as good at fighting as at thieving they'll distinguish themselves."

"Ay," laughed Mifflin. "If the redcoats were but chickens or cattle, the New England militia would have had them all captured ere now."

"They'll be heard from to-day," said a third officer. "They've earthworks to git behind, and they'll give the British another Bunker Hill."

"Then you ought to be quick, General Putnam," said Brereton, "for that's the fighting you like."

The road lay in the hollow of the land, and not till the party reached a slight rise were they able once more to get a glimpse of the shores of the bay. Then it was to find the flotilla well in toward its intended landing-place, and the American troops retreating in great disorder from their breastworks.

Exclamations of surprise and dismay sprang from the lips of the riders, and their leader, turning his horse, jumped the fence and galloped across the fields to intercept the fugitives. Five minutes brought them up to the runaways, who, out of breath with the sharpness of their pace, had come to a halt, and were being formed by their officers into a little less disorder.

"General Fellows, what was the reason for this disorderly retreat?" demanded the general, when within speaking distance.

"The men were seized with a panic on the approach of the boats, your Excellency, and could not be held in the lines."

Washington faced the regiments, his face blazing with scorn. "Ye ran before a shot had been fired! Before ye lost a man ye deserted works that have taken weeks to build and which could be held against any force." He paused for a moment, and then, drawing his sword, he called with spirit: "Who's for recovering them?"

A faint cheer passed down the lines, but almost as it sounded the red coats of fifty or sixty light infantry came into view on the road, a skirmishing party thrown forward from the landing to reconnoitre. Had they been Howe's whole army, however, they could not have proved more effective, for instantly the two brigades broke and dissolved once more into squads of flying men.

At such cowardice, Washington lost all control of himself, and, dashing in among the fugitives, he passionately struck right and left with the flat of his sword, thundering curses at them; while Putnam and Mifflin, as well as the aides, followed his example. It was hopeless, however to stay the rush; the men took the blows and the curses unheeding, while throwing away their guns and scattering in every direction.

Made frantic by such conduct, Washington wheeled his horse. "Charge!" he cried, and rode toward the enemy, waving his sword.

If the commander-in-chief had hoped to put some of his own courage into the troops by his example, he failed. Not a man of the runaways ceased flying. None the less, as if regardless of consequences in his desperation, Washington rode furiously on, until one of the aides dashed his spurs into his horse and came up beside his general at a mad gallop.

"Your Excellency!" he cried, "'tis but hopeless and will but end in—" Then, as his superior did not heed him, he seized the left rein of his horse's bridle and, pulling on it, swung him about in a large circle, letting go his hold only when they were riding away from the enemy.

Washington offered no resistance, and rode the hundred yards to where the rest of his staff were standing, with bowed head. Nothing was said as he rejoined the group, and Blueskin, disappointed in the charge for which he had shown as much eagerness as his rider, let his mind recur to thoughts of oats; finding no control in the hand that held his bridle, he set out at an easy trot toward headquarters.

They had not ridden many yards ere Washington lifted his head, the expression of hopelessness, which had taken the place of that of animation, in turn succeeded by one of stern repose. He issued three orders to as many of the riders, showing that his mind had not been dwelling idly on the disaster, slipped his sword into its scabbard, and gathered up his reins again.

"There!" thought Blueskin, as a new direction was indicated by his bit, "I'm going to have another spell

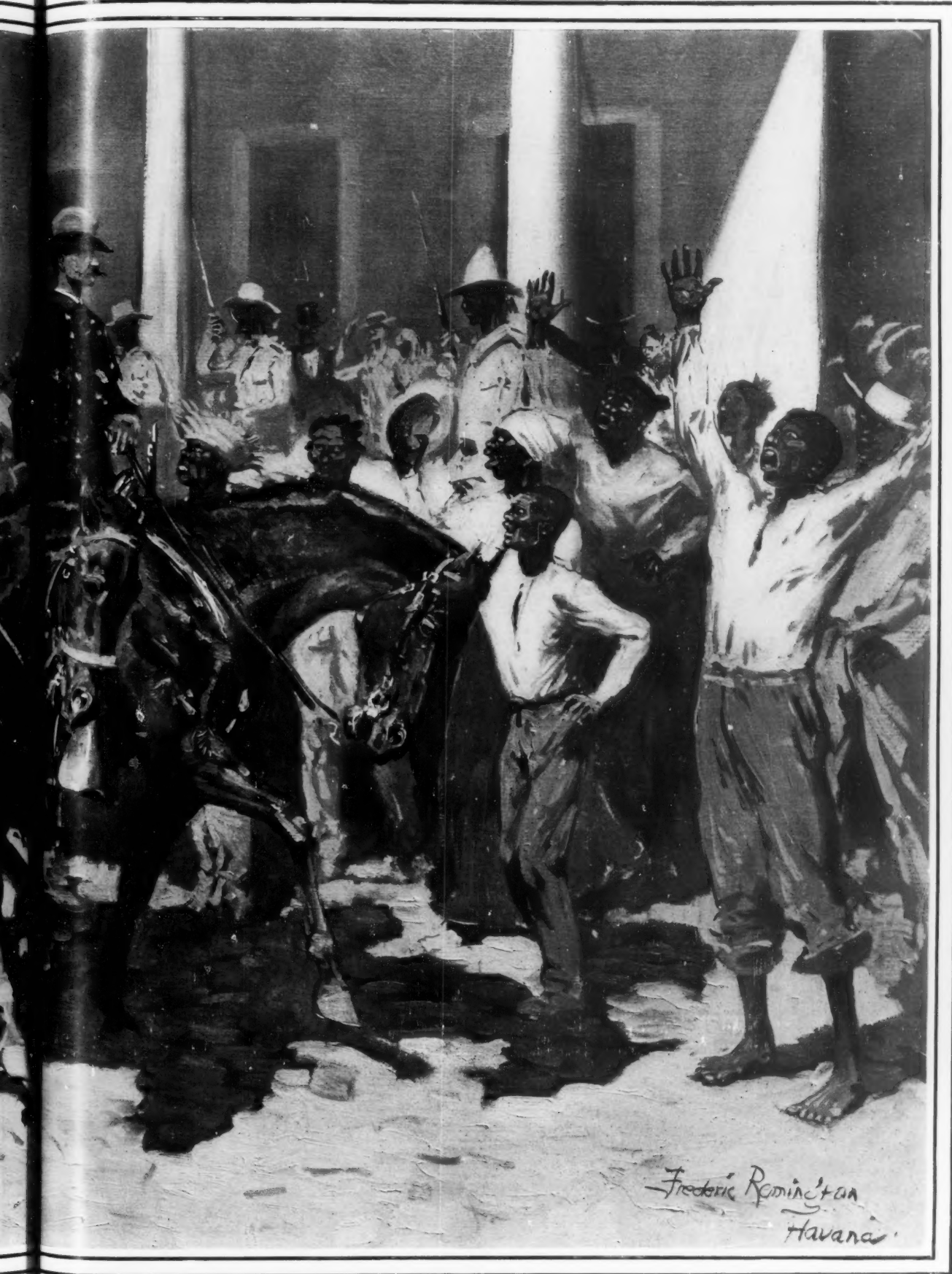


DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, HAVANA

THE RETURN OF GOMEZ

ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ, THE CUBAN LEADER, FOR EIGHT YEARS AN EXILE FROM HAVANA, IN RETURN FOR HIS SERVICES TO THE COUNTRY, WAS RECEIVED BY THE CUBAN GOVERNMENT. GENERAL GOMEZ WAS FOLLOWED BY INFANTRY OF THE CUBAN ARMY, AND ESCORTED BY GENERAL AUDOLINO. INHABITANTS SWARMED ALONG THE LINE OF MARCH AND THE CITY WAS FULL OF JOY.

(See page 45)



GOMEZ TO HAVANA

FROM HAVANA, IN REBELLION AGAINST SPANISH AUTHORITY, ENTERED THE CITY WITH THE TRIUMPH OF A CONQUEROR. GENERAL "CUDLO" AND A TROOP OF THE SEVENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY. A MULTITUDE OF THE NATIVE HAVANA CITY RUNG WITH CRIES OF "VIVA MAXIMO GOMEZ!"

(S. 12-20)

of it riding all ways of a Sunday, just as we did last night. And it's coming on to rain."

Rain it did very quickly; but from post to post the horsemen passed, the sternly silent commander speaking only when giving the necessary orders to remedy so far as possible the disaster of the afternoon. Not till eleven, and then in a thoroughly drenched condition, did they reach the Morris House on Harlem Heights. It was to no rest, however, that the general arrived; for, as he dismounted, Major Gibbs of his life guards informed him that the council of war he had called was gathered and only awaited his attendance.

"Get you some supper, gentlemen," he ordered, to such of his aides as were still of the party, "for 'tis likely that you will have some more riding when the council have deliberated."

"'Tis advice he might take to himself to proper advantage," said one of the juniors, while they began stripping off their wet coverings in a side room.

"Ay," asserted Brereton. "The general uses us hard, Tilghman, but he uses himself harder." Then aloud he called, "Billy?"

"Yis, sah!"

"Make a glass of rum punch and take it in to his Excellency."

"Foh Lord, sah, I doan dar go in, an' yar know marse never drink no spirits till de day's work dun."

"Make a dish of tea, then, you old coward, and I'll take it to him so soon as I've got these slops off me."

replied the aide. "I pray you drink it, sir, for our sake if you won't for your own."

A kindly look supplanted the sternness of the previous moment on the general's face. "I thank you for your thoughtfulness, Brereton," he said, raising the cup and pouring some of the steaming drink into the saucer. Then as the officer started to go, he added, "Hold!" Picking up a small bundle of papers that lay on the table, he continued: "Harrison tells me that there is a prisoner under guard for my examination. I shall scarce be able to attend to it this evening, and tomorrow is like to be a busy day. Take charge of the matter, and report to me the moment the council breaks up. Here are the papers."

Standing in the dim light of the hallway, the aide opened the papers and read them hastily. Either the strain on the eyes, or some emotion, put a frown on his face, and it was still there as he walked to the door before which stood a sentry, and passed into a badly lighted room.

"Powerful proud ter meet yer Excellency," was his greeting from a man in civilian shorts and a military coat, who held out his hand. "Captain Bagby desired his compliments ter yer, an' ter say that legislative dooties perverted his attending ter the matter hisself."

Paying no heed to either outstretched hand or words, the officer glanced first at the man standing beside the fireplace and then at the two women, who had risen as he entered. He waited a moment, glancing from one to the other, as if expecting each of them to speak; but

"Silence, miss!" interrupted her mother. "Wouldst sauce thy father in his trouble?"

"You obtained the knowledge Clowes transmitted from your daughter?" asked the officer.

"My daughter? Not I! How could a chit of a girl know aught of such things? Clowes got it from young Hennion, and the devil had I really to do with it, write what he pleases."

"Pray take chairs, ladies," suggested the aide, with more politeness. "Now, sir, unravel this matter, so far as 'tis known to you."

When the squire's brief tale of how the information was obtained and forwarded to Boston was told, the officer was silent for some moments. Then he asked: "Hast had word of Clowes since then?"

"Not sight or word since the night the—"

"Oh, dadda," moaned Janice, "please don't!"

"Since he attempted to steal my girl from me. And if e'er I meet him I trust I'll have my horsewhip handy."

"Is Hennion where we can lay hands upon him?"

"Not he. 'Twas impossible for him to get out of Boston, try his best, and the last word we had of him—wrote to his rascally father—was that he'd listed in Ruggles' loyalists."

"Then the only man we can bring to heel is this bond-servant of thine."

"Not even he. The scamp took French leave, and if ye want him ye must search your own army."

"Canst aid us to find him?"



DRAWN BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

THEY CLIMBED TO THE CUPOLA OF THE HOUSE, BUT THE ONLY SIGNS THEY COULD SEE OF THE SKIRMISH WERE LITTLE CLOUDS OF SMOKE

"Fore George! How small clothes stick when they're wet."

"You mean when a man's so foppish that he will have them made tight enough to display the goodness of his thighs," rejoined Gibbs, who, being dry, was enjoying the plight of the rest. "Make yourselves smart, gentlemen, there are ladies at quarters to-night."

"You don't puff that take-in on us, sirrah," retorted Tilghman.

"For honor. They arrived a six hours ago, and have been waiting to see the general."

"You may be bound they are old and plain," prophesied Brereton, "for Gibbs would be squiring them 'stead of wasting time on us."

"There you're cast," rejoined the major. "I caught but a glimpse, yet 'twas enough to prove to me that all astronomers lie."

"How so?"

"In saying that but twice in a century is there a transit of Venus."

"Then why bide you here, man?"

"That's the disgustful rub. They were with a man under suspicion, and orders were that none should hold converse with him before the general examined into it. A plague on 't!"

Discussion of Venus was here broken by the announcement of supper, and the makeshift meal was still unfinished when the general's body-servant appeared with the tea. Taking it, Brereton marched boldly to the council door, and, giving a knock, he went in without awaiting a reply.

The group of anxious-faced men about the table looked up and Washington, with a frown, demanded, "For what do you interrupt us, sir?"

The young officer put the tea on the map lying in front of the general. "Billy didn't dare take this to your Excellency, so I made bold to e'en bring it myself."

"This is no time for tea, Colonel Brereton."

"'Tis no time for the army to lose their general,"

when they did not, he asked gruffly of the guard, though still with his eyes on the prisoners: "And for what were the ladies brought?"

"'Becuz they wudn't be left behind on no account. Yer see, yer Excellency, that things hez been kinder unsettled in Middlesex County, an' it hain't been a joyful time to them as wuz Tories; so when orders cum ter bring old Meredith ter York Island, his wife an' gal didn't dare ter stay by themselves."

"Ay," spoke up the man by the fireplace bitterly. "A nice pass ye've brought things to, that women dare not tarry in their own homes for fear of insult."

"You may go," said the officer to the captor, pointing at the door.

"Ain't I ter hear the 'zamination, yer Excellency?" demanded the man regretfully. "The hull county is set on knowin' ther fac's." But as the hand still pointed to the entrance, the man passed reluctantly through it.

Taking a seat shadowed from the dim light of the solitary candle, the officer asked: "You are aware, Mr. Meredith, on what charge you are in military custody?"

"Not I," growled the master of Greenwood. "For more than a year gone I've taken no part in affairs, but 'tis all of a piece with you Whigs that—to trump up a charge against—"

"This is no trumpety accusation," interrupted the officer. "I hold here a letter to Sir William Howe, found after our army took possession of Boston, signed by one Clowes, and conveying vastly important information as to our lack of powder, which he states he obtained through you."

"Now a pox on the villain!" cried the squire. "Has he not tried to do me enough harm in other ways, but he must add this to it. Janice, see the evil ye've wrought."

"Oh, dadda," cried the girl desperately, "I know I was—was a wicked creature, but I've been sorry, and suffered for it, and I don't think 'tis fair to blame me for this. 'Twas not I who brought him—"

"I know naught of him, or his doings, save that last June I received the price I paid for his bond, through Parson McTave, who perhaps can give ye word of him."

The officer rose, saying: "Mr. Meredith, I shall report on your case to the general, so soon as he is free, and have small doubt that you will be acquitted of blame and released. I fear me you will find headquarters' hospitality somewhat wanting in comfort, for we're o'ercrowded, and you arrive in times of difficulty. But I'll try to see that the ladies get a room, and, what ever comes, 'twill be better than the guard-house." He went to the hall door, and called, "Grayson!"

"Well!" shouted back some one.

"There are two ladies to be lodged here for the night. Can I offer them our room?"

"Ay. And my compliments to them, and say they may have my company along with it, if they be youngish."

"Tut, man," called Brereton reprovingly. "None of thy Virginian freeness, for they can hear you." He turned and said: "You must take pot luck on the floor here, Mr. Meredith, but if the ladies will follow me I will see that they are bestowed in more comfortable quarters," and he led the way upstairs, where, lighting a candle, he showed them to a small room, very much cluttered by military clothes and weapons, thrown about in every direction. "I apologize, ladies," he remarked, "but for days it's been ride and fight till when sleeping hours came 'twas bad enough to get one's clothes off, let alone put them tidy."

"And indeed, sir, there is no need of apology," responded Mrs. Meredith warmly, "save for us, for turning you from the little comfort you possess."

"'Tis a pleasure amid all the strife we live in to be able to do a service," replied the officer gallantly, as he bowed low over Mrs. Meredith's hand and then kissed it. He turned to the girl and did the same. "May you rest well," he added, and left the room.

"Oh, mommy!" exclaimed Janice, "didst ever see a

(Continued on page 18)

Franziska
(Mrs. Sydney Cowell)

Mrs. Schwartz
(Mrs. Mary E. Barker)

Max
(Mr. Frank McCormack)

Mrs. von Kleb
(Miss Gertrude Bennett)



Mrs. Schumann
(Miss Dolores Marbourg)

Magda
(Mrs. Fiske)

Miss Ellrich
(Miss Olive Hoff)

"MAGDA," MRS. FISKE'S NEW PLAY AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE

THE DRAMA

IS MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE going to succeed in making "Magda" accepted by the American public? It looks now as if she were, for she is attracting large audiences to her production at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. A half-dozen years ago, when, at this very theatre, Madame Modjeska presented Hermann Sudermann's drama "Home," under the title of "Magda," it made a failure. Since that time it has been given here with the same title by Bernhardt and Duse, as well as by Modjeska, who still keeps it in her repertory. But, thus far, it cannot be said to have taken strong hold upon our audiences. In this country most people go to the theatre to be amused and diverted; and "Magda" neither diverts, nor does it amuse, save in one rather exaggerated comedy scene. It grips you and it shakes you, and it sends you away from the theatre with a sense of the misery that human beings gratuitously inflict on one another. If Mrs. Fiske does make "Magda" popular, she will enable the drama to advance notably among us toward work with a serious purpose.

Comparisons may not always be pleasant, but in the work of actors they are inevitable. By playing "Magda" Mrs. Fiske has measured herself with three of the greatest players seen on our stage in our time, if not with the three greatest. If Miss Ellen Terry had played "Magda" I should not have hesitated in framing a generalization. What a "Magda" Miss Terry would make! But, to quote the sneering remark of Charles Hiatt, her recent biographer, she has never cared for "the sordid actualities" of every-day life. Sudermann's drama may be sordid; but it is also profoundly significant, and human and tragic and pathetic. Of the four "Magdas" that I have seen, Madame Bernhardt was by far the most brilliant. The part of the wilful, tender-hearted and arrogant prima donna perfectly suited her temperament; her very affectations were a natural expression of the character. Modjeska played the part with that exquisite insight and finish which always remind me of the work of a French psychological novelist. She made more of the character, in certain respects, than Duse did, though Duse brought out marvelously the woman's restlessness and deep melancholy. Mrs. Fiske's "Magda" proved to be like everything else Mrs. Fiske does—hard, at moments luminous, at other moments utterly theatrical, but always intelligent and interesting. In spite of her gifts, Mrs. Fiske never seems to be able to get into a character; but she explains it with remarkable force, occasionally with powerful illustration. She has too unique and too intellectual a personality to be a great actress. An incisive critic once remarked that actors impressed him

as being "mere backgrounds of men." Well, you can't by any possibility make Mrs. Fiske a background. Into whatever she plays, she puts herself body and soul: the nervous, alert figure, expressing an intense temperament; the clear, dry voice and the quick, tense enunciation, showing decision of character; and the whole woman expressing an unmistakable and an unchangeable type. All this may explain why Mrs. Fiske apparently cannot differentiate the characters she plays.

As for the production as a whole, it was sadly inferior to the others already referred to. The first performance of "Magda" that I saw was Madame Bernhardt's in Paris. It astonished me because it was so German. The great Sara had created a small sensation by daring to present a work by the hated enemy of her country; but she did not flinch. She applied to her production, to quote Mr. Henry James, the principle of "saturation." The interior of Magda's home, in which all the action takes place, was German to the last degree, with the ugly German stove looming out of one corner, and with the characters reeking of German beer and tobacco smoke. Madame Duse was less successful with her subordinate characters, but did very well with her interior, and Madame Modjeska was very careless with regard to "saturation." Mrs. Fiske's production altogether missed the German atmosphere.

JOHN D. BARRY.

THE OPERA

LENT AT THE Metropolitan Opera House has been remarkable thus far for novelty of bill, the production of operas which have not been heard previously during the season, and the first farewell appearances of some of the artists whose work has been prominent during the winter. The first events of the so-called "quiet season" were the revival of "Lucia de Lammermoor," with Sembrich and Saléza in the cast; "L'Africaine," with Mesdames Nordica and Engle, the De Reszkes, and Messieurs. Plançon and Victor Maurel; and Verdi's tragic drama "Rigoletto," done by Sembrich, Campanari, Salignac and Mantelli.

In contemplating "L'Africaine," Meyerbeer's high-colored and most thoughtful opera, it is difficult to imagine that this composer was the source to which the great Wagner, when a youthful aspirant for musical honors, went for inspiration. The scenic splendor with which the work of this ostentatious musician is always accompanied dazzled him so that he at first mistook the glitter of tinsel for the sheen of pure gold. Certain it is that there is a glare of trumpets and a glare of brilliant staging in Meyerbeer's principal operas which have all the glory of an exciting, if not an inspiring, street parade. "L'Africaine," the second of his compositions

to be given during the present season, is a panorama of pictorial gorgeousness, containing all the diversity that the most ardent seeker of the *bizarre* in art could desire. There is a court scene in Spain, modelled upon the famous episode of Columbus presenting his discoveries to the queen and her courtiers, and another upon ship-board, where impossible sailors in sun-proof red and yellow garments stand in orderly lines and sing placid choruses, while the gathering clouds are full of warning. Here, too, are three or four dozen women, who have ventured upon a voyage of discovery, armed with embroidery frames and missals with which to while away their time. But this picture of calm delight is speedily destroyed. Creeping over the sides of the ship come savages, painted for all the world like Bierstadt Indians, yet wildly suggestive, also, of Samoa and the Philippines, whose numbers presently are multiplied by others, who clamber over the delusive cannon, and, with terrible tin hatchets, massacre the placid sailors and the feminine contingent, who die without a groan or pantomimic protest. Following this scene of stage butchery is an act of barbaric pomp and magnificence, in which black tribes and brown ones, yellow-skinned and white peoples, medicine men and Brahmin priests, all meet before the temple in honor of L'Africaine, their princess, who has been rescued from the aforesaid ship, where she had been held a prisoner. Here is pagantry, indeed, which is plainly the model upon which later composers have built; pagantry so great that only a perusal of Haggard's stories can call up a sufficiently rich comparison.

With Madame Nordica as L'Africaine (a brown princess, but a lovely one), Jean de Reszke as Vasco di Gamo, the discoverer, Edouard de Reszke as Don Pedro, and Victor Maurel in the splendid character part of Nelusko, the opera, as given in its single performance this season, was necessarily a success. The first named artist was in superb vocal condition, and from the beginning to the end gave a memorable picture of tropical womanhood. Jean de Reszke's Vasco is not the best rôle in this singer's repertoire. It is musical and picturesque, but lacks animation. Edouard de Reszke as Don Pedro has the latter quality in abundance, and his singing, especially in the duo with his distinguished brother, aroused the utmost enthusiasm. In appearance, too, the basso was like the revived hero of some Flemish picture. In the part of Nelusko, Victor Maurel did the best work of any allotted to him during the present season. His appearance in the part marked also his last appearance in opera in New York this winter. His "make-up" was splendidly true to the character, his acting spirited and sincere. If his voice was at times out of harmony with the orchestra, the old artist may well be forgiven in view of the excellence of his striking impersonation.

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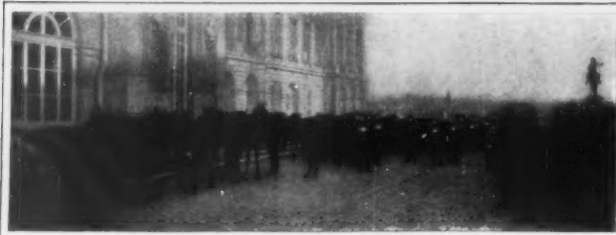
THE GARDEN PARTY AT THE ELYSÉE
Daughter of the late President at left



PRESIDENT FAURE'S LAST GARDEN PARTY AT THE ELYSÉE
M. Faure and M. Meline in foreground



THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION
A group of Nationalists on the terrace of the palace



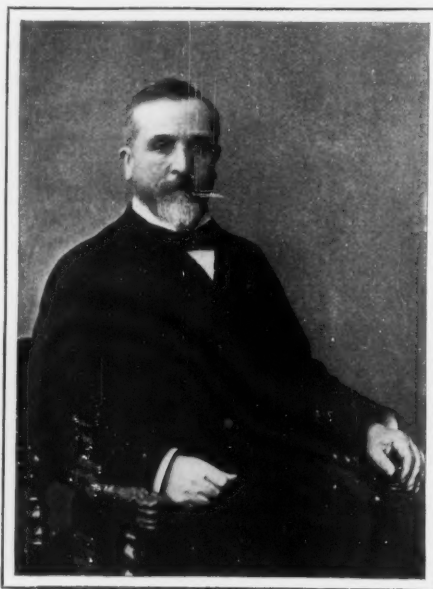
THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION
President's carriage and escort at the Palace of Versailles



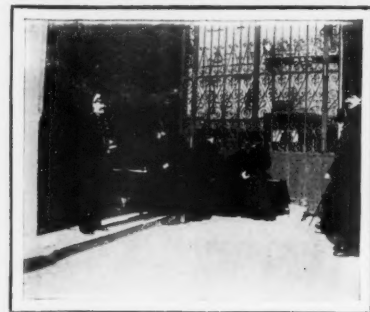
THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION
General appearance of exterior of National Assembly building, Versailles, during vote



THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION
The staff of "Figaro" arriving at the Palace



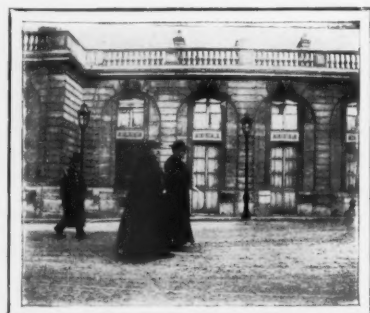
M. EMILE LOUBET
President of the French Republic



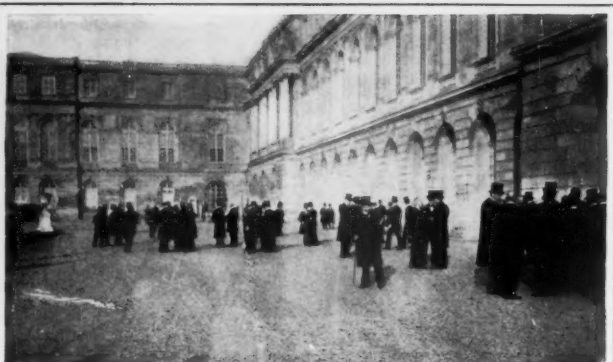
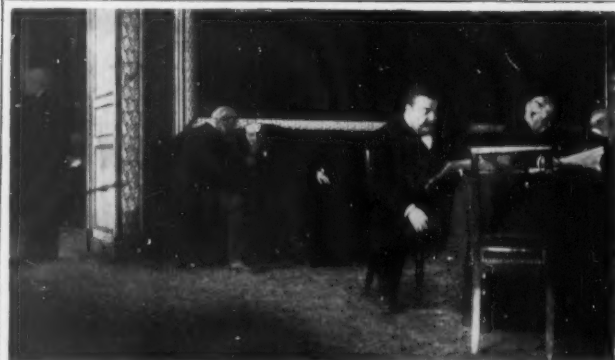
AFTER THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH
Visitors signing the register at the Elysée



COMMANDANT OF THE PALACE AND HIS AIDES
M. Loubet M. Meline



THE PAPAL NUNCIO ARRIVING AT THE ELYSÉE



THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION
1 Awaiting the count of the vote
2 General appearance of the entrance of the Elysée

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION
1 Groups of Senators and Deputies arriving at the Palace of Versailles
2 The terrace of the Palace during the count—M. Delcassé in centre foreground

A NATIONAL FUNERAL

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

PARIS, Feb. 23

ALL OFFICIAL FRANCE followed the remains of M. Félix Faure to their last resting place, all popular Paris stood on the line of duty as the funeral procession passed, in respectful silence, and in an attitude of reverence only slightly tempered by curiosity. The "League of Patriots," had openly avowed their intention of making capital out of the funeral of the late President and converting a demonstration of public grief and respect into a demonstration of enmity against his successor. But the people of Paris, from the well-to-do sightseers in the vicinity of the Elysée Palace, to the working population of the Belleville and Ménilmontant quarters, remained immovable, and only a few unseemly incidents disturbed the impressive ceremony.

A few minutes past ten, and the President of the Republic, heralded by the "Marseillaise" and a flourish of trumpets, makes his appearance. M. Loubet is in full evening dress, wearing the broad crimson ribbon of the Grand Cross of the order of the Legion of Honor, of which he is Grand Master, now that he holds the highest office in the state, but only a bit of the ribbon is to be seen beneath his buttoned

overcoat. The President bows low in front of the catafalco. The coffin is placed on the hearse, which is that used for the funeral of M. Carnot; an immense tricolor flag is draped on the coffin, the band plays Chopin's March, and the procession slowly moves out, down the Avenue Marigny and the Champs Elysées to the Place de la Concorde.

Suddenly the great bell of Notre Dame, only heard on historical occasions, begins to toll solemnly, and we know that the funeral cortege has reached the Place du Parvis, opposite the cathedral. Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, stands under the central portico when the procession arrives, and sprinkles the holy water over the coffin. The coffin is then borne into the cathedral.

When, in the three miles long procession, the hearse passes every hat is raised, and an impressive silence falls on the dense crowd.

At the gates of the old and famous necropolis the last honors are rendered. And the troops march by, each officer saluting with a beautiful, if somewhat theatrical, swing of the sword as he passes in front of the silver and black stand. The splendid catafalco and the cemetery gates, completely hung with black draperies, are in curious contrast to the simplicity of the family vault, where the body of M. Félix Faure is finally consigned to the earth, in the presence only of the relatives of the deceased and of the officials of the household.

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JANICE MEREDITH

(Continued from page 14)

more distinguished or finer-shaped man? And his dress and manners are—"

"Janice Meredith! Will never give thy thoughts to something else than men?"

"Well, Brereton," asked Tilghman as the aide joined his fellow-soldiers, "how did his Excellency take your boldness?"

"As punishment, he sent me to examine Gibbs' Venus."

"Devil take your luck!" swore Gibbs. "I'll be bound ye made it none too short. Gaze at the smug look on the dandy's face."

Brereton laughed gleefully as he stripped off his coat and rolled it up into a pillow. "I've just kissed mamma's hand," he remarked.

"I can't say much for thy taste!"

"In order," coolly went on Brereton, as he stretched himself flat on the floor, "that I might then kiss that of Venus—and over that I did not hurry, lads. Therefore, gentlemen, my present taste is, despite Gibbs' slur, most excellent, and I expect sweet dreams till his Excellency wants me. Silence in the ranks."

XVI

THE VALUE OF A FRIEND

AS THE SUN ROSE on the following morning Brereton came cantering up to headquarters.

"Is his Excellency gone?" he demanded of the sentry, and received reply that Washington had ridden away toward the south ten minutes before.

Leaving his horse with the man, the aide ran into the house and returned in a moment with a great hunk of corn bread and two sausages in his hand. Springing into the saddle, he set off at a rapid trot, munching voraciously as he rode.

"Steady, dear lass," he remarked to the mare. "If you make me lose any of this cake I'll never forgive you, Janice."

Fifteen minutes served to bring the officer to a group of horsemen busy with field-glasses. Riding into their midst he saluted, and said:

"The Maryland regiments are in position, your Excellency." Then falling a little back, he looked out over the plain stretched before them.

Barely had he taken in the two Continental regiments lying "at ease" half-way down the heights on which he was, and the line of their pickets on the level ground, when three companies of red-coated light infantry debouched from the woods that covered the corresponding heights to the southward.

As the pickets fell back on their supports the British waded their bugles triumphantly, sounding not a military order, but the fox-hunter "stole away"—a blare intended to show their utter contempt for the Americans.

Washington's cheeks flushed as the derisive notes came floating up the hills, and he pressed his lips together in an attempt to hide the mortification the insult cost him. "They do not intend we shall forget yesterday," he said.

"We'll pay them dear for the insult yet," cried Brereton hotly.

"Tis a point gained that they think us beneath contempt," muttered Grayson; "for that is half-way to beating them."

"Colonel Reed, order three companies of Weedon's and Knowlton's rangers to move along under cover of the woods, and endeavor to get in the rear of their main party," directed the commander-in-chief, after a moment's discussion with Generals Greene and Putnam.

"As you know the ground, guide them yourself."

"Plague take his luck!" growled Brereton. "Ha, ha!" laughed Tilghman jeeringly.

"Some of us have hands to kiss and some regiments to fight. Quotha! The general thinks 'twould be a pity to spot those modish buskins and gloves, Brereton. So much for thy dandyism."

"Colonel Brereton," said the general, "order the two Maryland regiments to advance in support of Knowlton."

Brereton saluted, and, as he wheeled, touched his thumb to his nose at Tilghman. "You are dished," he whispered. "The general is too well dressed a man himself to misjudge a man because he tries to keep neat and à la mode."

A quarter of an hour later, as battalions of Griffith's and Richard's regiments advanced under guidance of Brereton, the sharpness of the volleys in their front showed that the fighting was begun; and in response to his order, they broke into double-quick time. Once out of the timber, it was to find the Connecticut rangers scattered in small groups wherever cover was to be had, but pouring in a hot fire at the enemy, who had been reinforced materially.

"Damn them!" cried Brereton. "Will they never fight except under cover?" Louder he

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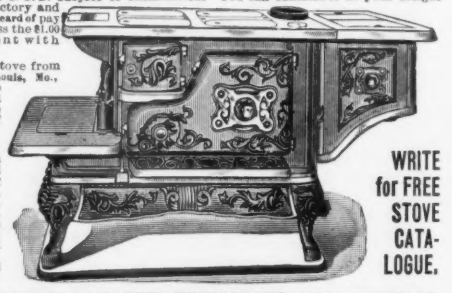
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shouted: "Forward! Charge them, boys!" The order given, he rode toward the rangers. "Where's your colonel?" he shouted.

"Dead," cried one, "and there's no one to tell us what to do."

"Do?" roared the aide. "Get out from behind that cover, and be damned to you. Show that Connecticut doesn't always skulk. Come on!"

A cheer broke out, and, without even stopping to form, the men went forward, driving the enemy into the woods for shelter, and then forcing them through it. The fire of the British slackened as they fell back, and when new Continental troops appeared on their right flank as well the retreat became almost a rout.

"We'll drive them the length of the island," yelled Brereton, frantic with excitement, as the men went clambering up the rocks after the flying enemy.

"Colonel Brereton, his Excellency directs you to call in the regiments to their former position," shouted Grayson, canting up.

Brereton swore forcibly before he galloped among the men, and even after that, in obedience to his orders, had fallen back slowly and taken up their original position, he growled to the aide as they began the ascent, "I'm sick of this overcaution, Grayson! What in—"

"The general was right," asserted Grayson. "Look there." He pointed over the treetops that they had now risen above to where columns of Royal Highlanders and Hessian Yagers were hastening forward at double-quick. "You would have had a sharp skimmer-scramper hadst been allowed to go another half-mile."

"Tis too bad, though," sighed the young officer, "that when the men will fight they have to be checked."

"Be thankful you did your double-quick in the cool of the morning, and are done with it. Lord! it makes me sweat just to see the way they are hurrying those poor Yagers. 'Tis evident we've given them a real scare."

Upon reaching the top of the height Brereton rode forward to where Washington still stood. "I tried to have the 'stole away' sounded, your Excellency," he said exultingly, "but those who knew it were so out of breath chasing them that there was not a man to wind it."

Washington's eyes lighted up as he smiled at the enthusiasm of the young fellow. "At least you may be sure that they had less wind than you, for they ran further. They've had the best reply to their insult we could give them."

"That there fox they wuz gwine to hunt did a bit of huntin' hisself," chuckled Putnam.

"They are still falling back on their supports," remarked Greene. "Evidently there is to be no more fighting to-day."

"They've had their bellyful, I guess," surmised Putnam.

"Then they're better off than I am," groaned Brereton. "I could eat an ox."

When the fact became obvious that the British had no intention of renewing their intended attack, a general move was made toward quarters, and as they rode Brereton pushed up beside Washington and talked with him for a moment.

The commander ended the interview by nodding his head. "Colonel Tilghman," he ordered, as Brereton dropped behind, "ride on to announce our coming; also present my compliments to Mr. Meredith and bespeak his company and that of his ladies to dinner."

Mrs. Meredith and Janice, not having gone to bed till after one the previous night, slept until they were awakened by the distant firing, and when they had dressed and descended it was to find headquarters practically deserted. At the suggestion of the servant who gave them breakfast, they climbed to the cupola of the house, but the only signs they could see of the skirmish were the little clouds of smoke that rose above the trees and the distant advance of the British reinforcements. Presently even these ceased or passed from view, and then succeeded what Janice thought a very "mopish" two hours, terminated at last by the arrival of the aide with his invitation, which sent her to her room for a little extra prinking.

(Continued on page 22)

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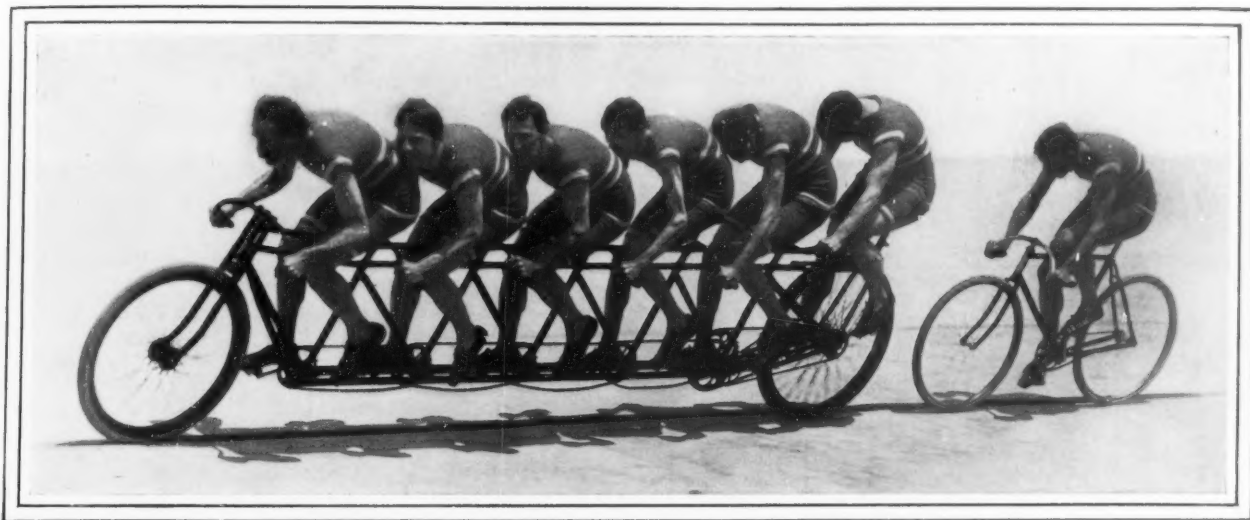
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GEORGE SCHOFIELD, NEW YORK STATE CHAMPION, '98, KINGS COUNTY WHEELMEN, PACED BY A SEXTUPLET

CYCLING PROBLEMS

ON THE 25th day of next June it will be eighteen years since Police Justice Murray committed Wright, Foster, and Walker, three citizens of steady habits and of good repute, into the hands of the keeper of the New York City prison with the solemn mandate that he should them "safely keep for the space of five days" for having committed the unlawful act of riding tricycles in Central Park. The L.A.W. had just rounded the first year of its history. The bicycles of that day were of the old high-wheeled sort, having solid tires and stubborn saddles, and weighing anywhere from fifty to seventy-five pounds stripped; tricycles, if less lofty, were even more clumsy and cumbersome, and it was gravely discussed by many of our best newspapers whether any of these pedomotive contrivances should be seriously tolerated. In the Central Park case, Wright and his companions sued out a writ of habeas corpus, and carried their argument into the Supreme Court. Able counsel were retained and the contention assumed wide proportions. Petitions, statements, letters, affidavits and orders found place in the record, and finally a referee was appointed to take testimony, which he proceeded to do to the extent of eight hundred and twenty-five pages.

To look back at the conditions of 1881, is to realize with greater force the strides which cycling has made in the intervening years. I sometimes think it is well for the sport that the wheelmen of the early eighties were young and brave, stout-hearted and strong-willed, and possessed of that versatile disposition which led them to defy the unjust statutes of the State with as much confidence and considerably better results than when they wrestled with the more inevitable laws of gravity and equilibrium. They sometimes progressed too rapidly to please thoughtful people, who thought mostly of other things, but their trend was well directed and the results have been mainly good. The wheel has found its dignified and permanent status; it has taken to itself a thousand improvements, and these have made it useful and practical to most people and delightful to everybody. But more than all, it has become an assertive factor in the settlement of many public questions. The wheel has found its place upon the public roads, and the public highways have been found to be unfit for its use.

Within the last five years nearly two thousand five hundred miles of cycle paths have been constructed in different parts of the United States, and the L.A.W. has just issued an illustrated hand-book on the construction and maintenance of cycle paths for distribution among members of the League and others by whom work of this sort is undertaken. The most conspicuous examples of successful side-path building are in the State of New York, in the counties of Monroe, Niagara, Oneida, Albany, and Suffolk, where an aggregate of eleven hundred miles of these paths have been constructed at an average cost ranging from fifty dollars to three hundred dollars per mile. The work has been done mainly by local organizations of wheelmen, and the new plan for the formation of local consulates within the L.A.W. is designed to carry on this work with greater vigor in the near future. There is no valid argument against the construction of cycle paths when we consider that the cost of a macadam road (ranging from three thousand five hundred dollars per mile and upward) is practically prohibitive in hundreds of counties where natural scenery is most attractive and cycle touring popular. The cycle paths on Long Island, for example, extend along stretches of road where no macadam wagon-way can be hoped for within the next twenty years, and these paths, together with others that extend over beautiful stretches of woodland and away from the public roads, enable thousands of cyclists to explore attractive portions of the island, which without these paths would be inaccessible. In Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Colorado the cycle-path movement has taken firm hold upon the attention of the wheelmen, and I predict for it a wide and speedy extension into other parts.

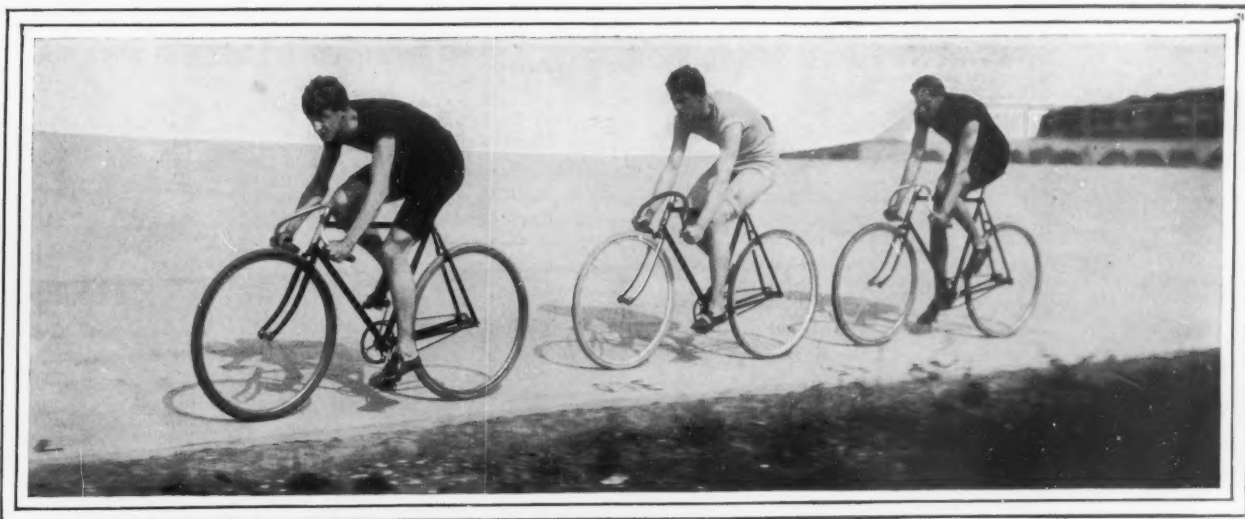
The passage of the cycle-path measure known as the "Ellsworth Bill" through the New York Senate at first roused some opposition among city wheelmen by whom this bill was not well understood, but a more general announcement of its purpose and provisions has quieted all substantial opposition. If this bill should become a law it will make possible the construction of smooth cycle paths in every county of the State, to be used by all cyclists who will contribute a small yearly fee ranging from fifty cents to one dollar to the cycle-path fund, while those wheelmen who are opposed to cycle paths will be quite free to ride in the roadway without being called upon to pay any tax or license whatever.

Quite recently Congress proposed to levy a general tax upon all bicycles in the District of Columbia, for the purpose of raising public revenue for the general expenditures of the District, and it may be that, having failed to dodge the omnipresent bicycle in the Capital City, the average Congressman has hit upon this means to compass its extermination. Of course all property of a citizen should contribute to the support of the State which sustains and protects it, and in this view of the case a bicycle is clearly subject to taxation; but upon what theory the bicycle should be singled out and made the subject of a special levy, from which other vehicles and other forms of personal property are exempted, no one has yet attempted to explain. The bicycle makes no noise, occupies but little space, and does no harm to the pavement, and if under such conditions the bicyclist stands ready to pay any tax which shall be laid also upon the heavy four-wheeled vehicles which rattle and pound over the rough pavement with an ear-splitting clatter, and cut great ruts and holes in the smooth asphalt, it is difficult to say what more can justly be demanded.

In spite of the great influence and good results of the wheelmen's work for better roads and streets, there is a growing opinion that the big League has been doing its best work at long range, and that its officers and members have not been closely enough in touch with one another. It lacks cohesion, and thousands of its ablest members have never had a chance to display their loyalty or ability in its behalf. There are ten thousand towns in the United States where guide boards are needed, and street signs, and public watering troughs, and danger signs to warn travellers of dangerous ditches and unguarded gullies; and it goes without saying that most of these towns need also better roads and pavements, shade trees, cycle paths, and a hundred other conveniences which serve to make town life comfortable and attractive. Moreover, each of these towns contains cyclists enough to form a local organization that would not only make certain these improvements, but would do much else to encourage cycling and add to its pleasures among the people of the whole community. Indeed, the demand for these local bodies has become almost imperative, for to the cyclist the outdoor needs of a town are always apparent.

ISAAC B. POTTER.

(To be continued)



Charles Ertz

Oscar V. Babcock

Irwin W. Powell

A RELAY RACE AT MANHATTAN BEACH

(PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMENT)

"If I had only worn my lutestring," she sighed. Her toilet finished—and the process had been lengthened by the trembling of her hands—Janice descended falteringly to go through the hall to the veranda. In the doorway she paused, really taken aback by the number of men grouped about on the grass; and she stood there, with fifty eyes turned upon her, the picture of embarrassment, hesitating whether to run away and hide.

"Come hither, child," called her mother; and Janice, with a burning face and down-turned eyes, sped to her side. "This is my daughter Janice, your Excellency," she told the tall man with whom she had been speaking.

"Indeed, madam," said Washington, bowing politely over the girl's hand, and then looking her in the face with pleasure. "My staff has had quite danger enough this morning without my subjecting them to this new niece. However, being lads of spirit, they will only blame me if I seek to spare them. Look at the eagerness of the lads for the engagement," he added with a laugh, as he turned to where the youngsters were idling about within call.

"Oh, your Excellency!" gasped Janice. "I—I—Please mayn't I talk to you?"

"Janice!" reproved her mother.

"Oh! I didn't mean that, of course," faltered the girl. "'Twas monstrous bold, and I only wanted—"

"Nay, my child," corrected the general. "Let an old man think it was intended. Mrs. Meredith, if you'll forgive the *pas*, I'll glad General Greene with the privilege of your hand to the table, while the young lady honors me with hers. Never fear for me, Miss Janice," he added, smiling; "the young rascals will be in a killing mood, but they dare not challenge their commander. There, I'll spare thy blushes by joking thee no more. I hope you were not greatly discomforted in your accommodation?" he asked, as they took their seats at the long table under the tent on the lawn.

"No, indeed, your Excellency. One of thy staff—I know not his name, but the one who questioned daddy—was vastly polite, and gave his room to us."

"That was Colonel Brereton—the beau of my family. Look at him there! Wouldst think the coxcomb was in the charge this morning?"

Janice for the first time found courage to raise her eyes, and glance along what to her seemed a sea of men's faces, till they settled on the person Washington indicated. Then she gave so loud an exclamation of surprise that every one looked at her. Conscious of this, she was once more seized with stage fright, and longed to slip from her chair and hide herself under the table.

"What startled thee, my child?" asked the general. "Oh—He—Nothing—" she gasped. "Who—What didst thou say was his name?"

"John Brereton."

"Oh," was all Janice replied, as she drew a long breath. "I'll ne'er do to let him know you've honored him by particular notice," remarked the commander; "for both at Boston and New York the ladies have pulled caps for him to such an extent that 'tis like he'll grow so fat with vanity that he'll soon be unable to sit his horse."

"Is—is he a Virginian, your Excellency?"

"No. 'Tis thought he's English, but he'll tell nothing of himself, so my family inform me."

Janice longed to ask more questions, but did not dare, and as the bottle passed, the conversation became general, permitting her to become a listener. When the moment came for the ladies to withdraw, she followed her mother.

"Oh, mommy!" she said the instant she could, "didst recognize Charles?"

"Charles! What Charles?"

"Charles Fownes—our bond-servant. Colonel Brereton."

"Nonsense, child! What maggot idea have you got now?"

"'Tis he truly—and I never thought he could be handsome. But his being clean-shaven and wearing a wig—"

"No more of your silly clack!" ordered her mother. "A runaway bond-servant on his Excellency's staff,

quotha! Though he does head the rebels, General Washington is a man of breeding and would never allow that."

Before the men rose from the table the ladies were joined by Washington and Mr. Meredith.

"I have already expressed my regrets to your husband, Mrs. Meredith," said the general, "that a suspicion against him should have put you all to such material discomfort, and I desire to repeat them to you. Yet however greatly I mourn the error for your sake, for my own it is somewhat balanced by the pleasure you have afforded me by your company. Indeed, 'tis with a certain regret that I received Colonel Brereton's report, which, by completely exonerating Mr. Meredith, is like to deprive us of your presence."

"Your Excellency is over-kind," replied Mrs. Meredith, with an ease that excited the envy of her daughter.

"The general has ordered a barge for us, my dear," said the squire, "and 'tis best that we get across the river while there's daylight, if we hope to be back at Greenwood by to-morrow evening."

Farewells were promptly made, and, under the escort of Major Gibbs, they set out for the river. Once in the boat Janice launched into an ecstatic eulogium on the commander-in-chief.

"Ay," assented Mr. Meredith, "the general's a fine man in bad company. 'Tis a mortal shame to think he's like to come to the gallows."

"Daddy! No!"

"Yes. They put a bold face on't, but after yesterday's defeat they can't hold the island another week, and when they lose it the rebellion is split, and that's an end to't. 'Twill be all over in a month, mark me."

Janice pulled a very serious face for a moment, and then asked: "Didst notice Colonel Brereton, daddy?"

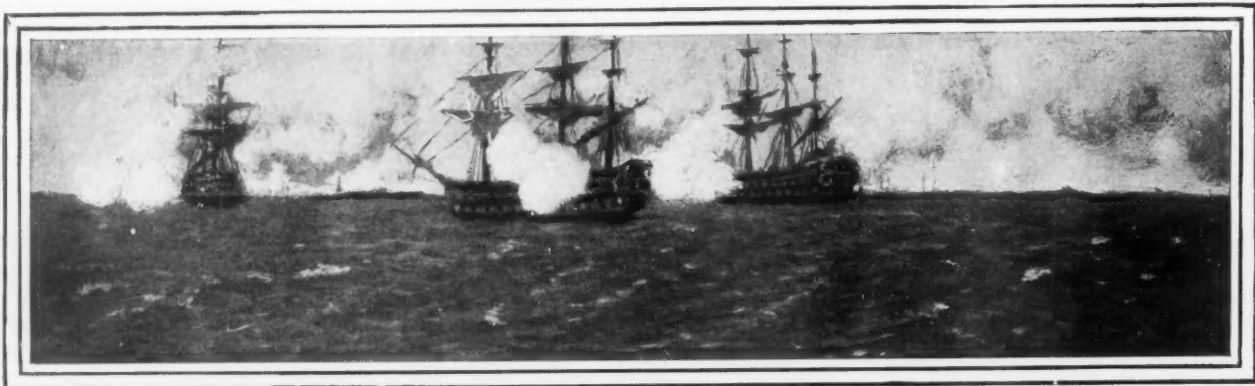
"Ay. And a polite man he is. He not merely had us released, but I have in my pocket a protection from the general he got for me."

"Didst not recognize him?"

"Recognize? Who? What?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Janice.

[To be continued.]



DRAWN BY J. BELL GRIFF

From three Men-of-War came a heavy
Cannonading that swept the shore line

THE TRIUMPH OF A CONQUEROR

"GOMEZ IS COMING TO-DAY," said every one in Havana.

"Sure?"

"Yes—this time—sure."

He had been coming for a week—had been coming for three years, in fact; but he had often disappointed every one. Now I believed what was talked on the street. Taking a cab, I was rolled out to a suburb—name forgotten. We stopped where long lines of Cuban infantry stood on each side of the street. Behind these ranged the populace—men in black broadcloth, women white with face powder and brilliant with jewellery, and niggers like flies. Everything was ready for the show.

Presently came a platoon of the Seventh United States Cavalry, and before I realized, in all the confusion, the Conqueror had come and had gone. He sat very stiff in his saddle, with his feet thrust out and his hand to his hat in acknowledgment of the cheers. His face was quite brown, his mustache white, and he was dressed in plain clothes of chocolate-colored cloth. The staff clattered behind, followed by a mounted band of "ours"; then interminable lines of Cuban infantry in columns of twos—mostly negroes—but gotten up more smartly than General Garcia's people down Santiago way.

It was all over for me in a few seconds, so far as the Conqueror was concerned. I noticed that his horse was small, because General Ludlow rode on his left, and he was on a big horse. Also Ludlow did not look like a conqueror. His bearing was modest to a noticeable extent.

The troops were passing for an hour, and I tried to break back into the city. Negro officers waved their machetes at my cabby and shouted fiercely. He was intimidated, and when I also d— him properly in my native tongue for not getting me on my way, he was very miserable, but as I had no machete he wisely abided by the fear of those who had. Thus I was left thinking. I was no longer a Cuban sympathizer—that was clear. Things had come into my mind As They Are.

First: Gomez has a curious head—a very interesting head. It is fierce and warlike, and brown and mustached and goateed, and altogether Spanish-American, which does not mean "white man." His profile is a triangle with the jaw as the base. From his looks I should say his was not a great brain. Still that may not be so, in reality. So far as we know, he is a man of one idea—which happens in his case to be a very good one; and there is the force in the base of that triangle which has carried that one idea as far as the blood and iron and horse-flesh of Cuba could carry it.

Still, for all that, he would not have had the satisfaction of that morning's ride through the streets of Havana in a thousand years, except for what was represented by the platoon of cavalry in his front and the quiet man on his left. As I sat in my cab, gazing malevolently at my "cabby," I wondered if Gomez realized this in all its fulness. Time will tell this, and that only. So far he has been consistent. He wants us to "get out," "all the same" as the Spaniards, and I cannot see how we can help doing it. The old conqueror is not a patient man, but he had best study the story of Job very carefully, because those attributes are his only salvation. General Gomez has up until now done all that a man can do, and he makes his people do the same; and he must realize his hopes or we must lose our honor. If his aspirations fall withered to the ground, when the ballot shall have superseded the machete, it will be the regret of all the world.

Still, if all fails, the man who rode at his left hand when Gomez was a Conqueror comes of a race which has governed itself for over six hundred years—of a race which lived under a real democracy when it emerged from the northern forests of Europe, clad in skins, before Christianity or tempered steel was even known by them, and they will finally see that a Cuban man can till a field without fear of a dragoonade. They have never had any other idea concerning Cuba since they began to think about it long years ago. Spanish kings and Cuban bandits all look alike to the people of the United States, and they will handle one as they did the other if it becomes necessary. Patience is the watchword for Cubans.

"Rome was not built in a day."

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER FROM MANILA

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

MANILA, P. I., Jan. 20, 1899

UNDER Spanish rule there never was anything like an organization of the insurgents in Manila. The strict secret police system maintained by the Spanish was so perfect that it was impossible for anything to go on in the city without their knowledge. The participation in any secret meetings or any attempt to form an insurgent organization meant confinement in the foul old dungeons or death out on the bloody Luneta.

Our failure to deal with the insurgents earlier has given them a chance to organize, and they are now well armed.

During the last week there have been quite a number of alarms in different parts of the city. On Tuesday there was a scare something out of the ordinary. It proved to be nothing more than a street fight on the Escolta, but in a moment the street was filled by a struggling mass of humanity seeking safety.

There were some amusing incidents connected with the matter. Natives, Chinese, and Spaniards made a grand rush across the Puente de Espana for the old city with its sheltering walls, all certain that the expected outbreak had come.

The country on the suburbs of Manila where our outposts now are located, and where much of the fighting will be done, is a most picturesque one. The level country, a veritable garden spot, is covered with rice fields, and at this season these are dry and everywhere passable. There is vegetation of the most beautiful kind and queer native habitations are numerous.

Such is the situation in Manila to-day. Not long ago the volunteers had rosy visions of a speedy return to homes and friends. To-day the gay white uniforms are laid away and the soldiers have donned the sombre brown fatigue dress everything about which is indicative of actual warfare. None of the men has forgotten the hardships endured at Camp Dewey. While the soldiers dread a campaign, they are anxious to get it over before the rainy season sets in. Drills, dress parades, and all forms of show have been dispensed with.

W. G. I.

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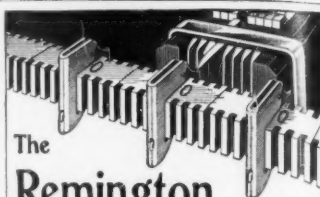
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